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Notes of the Week

FOR the third time within a few months London finds itself at the mercy of a traffic hold-up effecting very considerable disorder in the life of the city. On this occasion the strike has been called, against the advice of the men's leaders, at the command of a small group of men who have thereby constituted themselves dictators. It was sprung upon the public without previous recourse to less extreme remedies, and the people of London find themselves the victims of a dispute the facts of which have never been divulged to them. In their indifference to public welfare the trade unions nowadays show a callousness unsurpassed by the most tyrannous autocracy. The public which has to bear the discomfort and loss attendant upon these frequent dislocations has also to bear the ultimate cost of any concession that such blackmailing may produce. Something must be done, and done at once, to make strikes among the workers in public services illegal until the dispute has been submitted to arbitration. An interesting letter from a correspondent in this connexion appears elsewhere in this issue.

MORE RAILWAY TROUBLE?

It is becoming very common for the more militant elements of Labour to act in such a way that their grievances have to be ignored while the challenge to principle is met by society. The latest instance of such action is supplied by the Locomotive Enginemen, who threaten to make trouble in addition to that caused by the shopmen on the Great Western and Underground Railways. The Railways Act of three years ago definitely lays it down that all questions relating to pay, hours of duty, and conditions of service shall, in default of agreement between the Railway Companies and the Railway Trade Unions, be

referred to the Central Wages Board or an appeal to the National Wages Board. Nevertheless, without any such reference, the Associated Society of Locomotive Engineers and Firemen has issued a strike threat. It is impossible that alleged hardships should receive sympathetic consideration when tactics of this kind are employed.

THE FINANCE OF HOUSING

Mr. Wheatley's Housing Scheme, according to the official calculations, is to cost the Exchequer 23 millions a year and the local ratepayer 11½ millions a year from 1940-41 to 1963-64, the period of heaviest outlay. Its total cost is 1,376 millions, which is about 700 millions more than the Chamberlain scheme, and it is not surprising that others besides Conservatives should inquire whether the difference between the schemes for producing the same sorts of houses at all justifies this enormous increase of charge. Whatever the defects of the Chamberlain scheme may be, the fact remains that it is employing all the available labour, and there is not the least reason to suppose that Mr. Wheatley's scheme will deliver the goods it promises. The main, if not the sole, recommendation of the scheme to Socialist favour is that it replaces private enterprise by State and municipal control, and for that, as we know, no price is too high in the view of Socialists.

NO QUARTER

Here is a Socialist Government without a majority in Parliament or the country, introducing—and very possibly getting passed without fundamental alteration—a measure which is frankly Socialistic. This is a serious warning to all who stand—as the majority of the nation stands—for individualism and private enterprise. If so much may be done without power, what

will not be done with power? Is it not time for a little more backbone in the ranks of the Opposition? Let us make no mistake about it: the issue of present-day domestic politics is Socialism, and nothing else. Against that attempt no quarter should be given. How long will the "patient oxen" continue to drag the Socialist tumbrel, unmindful of such trifles as principle so long as tactical advantages be preserved? Is the Liberal Party an individualist party or is it not? And if it is, what is it doing supporting Socialist legislation?

MR. WHEATLEY UNDER CRITICISM

As has frequently been emphasized in these columns, the housing problem cannot be solved by methods which do not take proper account of labour shortage and of inadequate supplies of material. The truth has been brought home to Mr. Wheatley very forcibly by the amendment, Liberal in origin, as it happens, providing that the subsidy may be withheld when there is lack of effective arrangements for the supply of labour and materials. He relies on agreements with "the building industry," an entity requiring more definition, to provide annually the number of houses required by his scheme, and with manufacturers of building materials to keep down the cost to a reasonable level. What is a reasonable level? One bearing some explicable relation to the prices ruling in January. But the Committee now inquiring into costs reports that it cannot get at the real facts, and Mr. Wheatley is simply not in a position to judge of prices till he knows how the total of manufacturers' cost is made up. His Bill has still to be discussed; its foundations have been severely shaken by Sir William Joynson-Hicks, and still more by Mr. Neville Chamberlain, whose speech on the financial resolution was a masterpiece of sober yet deadly criticism.

CONSERVATIVE APATHY

Mr. Baldwin deserves the thanks of all true Conservatives for his timely reference to the apathy of the Party as a Party. True, in his opinion that apathy has to a very large extent passed away since the last election, but, sorry as we are to say it, we are unable altogether to take that view. Inconceivable as it should be, there are electors who register themselves as Conservatives but do not take the trouble to record their votes when an election comes round. To them, exercising the franchise appears a matter of little concern instead of being the first duty of citizenship. Others allow petty jealousies to stand in the way of national responsibilities. Comparatively few do any political work and still fewer contribute to the funds of their local associations. Furthermore, it is a common practice to leave the greater part of the costs of organization to the candidate or member as the case may be.

WEALTH AND ABILITY

Indeed, in several constituencies it has become an established rule when selecting a Parliamentary candidate for the Executive to limit their choice to rich men. As to whether the candidate has any Parliamentary aptitude or will be able to take his part in debate, these are matters of secondary consideration. The sole end in view is to secure someone who will relieve the electors of what they regard as the burden of putting their hands into their own pockets. Yet, as everyone knows, a continued system of doles, whether given by the State or by the individual, neither tends to create energy nor to promote an atmosphere of work. Contrast all this with what happens in the ranks of the Socialist Party. There no apathy exists, not a single vote is lost, everyone is a worker and everyone contributes to the Party funds. Mr. Baldwin hit the right nail on the head when he said, "Unless constituencies will make up their minds that in return for the personal services a member gives them nowadays, they in their turn are willing to do something

substantial to aid in organization by subscription and by personal work, they will never get the best type of candidates and the best type of members." Moreover, in Socialist circles a candidate for a seat in Parliament must have graduated in the political school of Socialism and must thoroughly understand his job. The Socialist Party has no room for "duds." Why should the Conservatives receive them with open arms?

INDISCREET LETTERS

An ungovernable passion to indite indiscreet letters seems to animate certain Socialist Ministers of the Crown. We understand that the information crediting Mr. Henderson with having addressed his good wishes to the South African Labour Party was incorrect and that the Home Secretary has denied that he sent any message. But there are others. Mr. Clynes recently apologized to the House of Commons for a letter he wrote to an American newspaper, and explained that he was only acting in his private capacity. A worse offender still is Lord Olivier, Secretary of State for India, who recently wrote to a well-known anti-British politician in India telling him that he personally disliked and wished to see abolished a system he was himself administering and from which he and the Government had no intention of departing. His Majesty's Ministers appear to think that it is open to them to say what they like so long as what they say is intended to convey only their personal views. They ignore the fact that a special duty rests upon every Cabinet Minister to avoid even the suspicion of interference with the domestic concerns of other nations, whether those nations be foreign Powers or nations within the British Commonwealth.

THE FRENCH CRISIS

The French political crisis still holds the attention of Europe. It is not yet possible to say whether M. Millerand will be compelled to resign, but he is certain not to give in without a determined struggle. On Wednesday M. Painlevé, the candidate of the Left Parties, was elected, as was expected, President of the Chamber. The majority for him was substantial, but it is significant that his principal opponent, M. Maginot, the candidate of the *Bloc National*, received more votes than had been anticipated. As the President of the Chamber has been elected, there is nothing to prevent President Millerand from asking M. Herriot to form a Government, but it is probable that M. Herriot will only agree in the event of his being assured of President Millerand's resignation. The French themselves are, of course, the sole judges of the constitutional question involved in this demand. But the inevitable result of this conflict is delay in any further approach to the settlement of Reparations. Every day of delay makes the successful operation of the Dawes Report more difficult. An interesting examination of the present situation, by our French Correspondent, appears on page 581 of this issue.

GERMANY

After several false starts Herr Marx has succeeded in constituting a new Government, which, however, is identical with the last. He has bluntly told the Reichstag that the speedy acceptance of the Dawes Report was the only means of averting an economic and financial catastrophe which would overwhelm their country, and he pleaded strongly for a united German front in dealing with this matter. To conciliate the Nationalists he said that the success of the Dawes scheme would depend upon the earliest possible evacuation of the Ruhr and other areas held as sanctions, the release of prisoners, and the return of those who had been expelled. But at the same time he indicated that, while pressing for satisfaction on these points, he would not permit them to qualify his acceptance

of the Report. On the measure of support the Reichstag will give him, as regards both its acceptance of the Report and the changes in the German Constitution implied in that acceptance, hangs the issue of Europe's ruin or recovery.

THE ANGLO-SOVIET CONFERENCE FARCE

After weeks of fruitless discussion one matter of very minor importance seems to have been settled at the Anglo-Soviet Conference. The Soviet Government, by its delegates here, has agreed to pay compensation for the capture on January 31, 1922, and subsequent loss, of the British trawler *Magleta*, while fishing off the Murmansk coast outside the three-mile limit. In the words of an ex-Premier, "We are getting on"! But of real significance is the statement made by M. Rakovsky, in an interview published in this week's *Observer*, to the effect that "nothing but the intervention of the British Government can now save the situation." So far there is no prospect of a loan: the Government has declined to guarantee a loan, and London bankers will have nothing to do with one. In these circumstances it would be interesting to know what he understands by the words, "the intervention of the British Government," which appear to us curious, if not ominous.

COMMUNIST ACTIVITIES

On March 18 one of the members of the Soviet Delegation to the Conference is said to have appeared in Manchester at the meeting of the Communist Party, and delivered a violent attack on Mr. MacDonald and the country in general, advocating the immediate formation of Communist groups in each factory, who would lead the masses to the overthrow of the bourgeoisie and the glory of the proletariat. On May 30 foreign newsvendors in London were supplied with copies of the Soviet Government's paper *Pravda*, in which—we understand—disgusting allusions to His Majesty, Mr. MacDonald, and Mr. Ponsonby appeared. It is rumoured that these copies of *Pravda* had been supplied by "Arcos," the Russian Trade Mission to this country. We hear of a visit of some of the Russian delegates to the Chelsea Electrical Power Station, and now the electric railway shopmen, independently of their unions, have come out on strike—*post hoc non propter hoc*? Is it not time for these gentlemen to return to Moscow?

RECOGNITION ON TERMS

Like Mr. MacDonald, China has recognized the Soviet Government, but, unlike him, she has secured very substantial concessions in return. The Red troops are to be withdrawn from Mongolia. The Russian share of the Boxer Indemnity is, after prior liens on it have been satisfied, to be devoted to the promotion of education in China. Russia renounces all extra-territorial privileges and the lands she holds in the treaty ports. And, what is perhaps the most important thing of all, the right is reserved to China of purchasing the Chinese Eastern Railway. It may be said that she has not the money for this object, but as France and Japan—the one through the French bondholders and the other through the South Manchurian Railway, which connects with the C.E.R.—are vitally interested in the ownership of this line, no doubt the necessary funds will be forthcoming when required. On her side China has yielded very little to the Soviet Government.

TENSION IN THE PACIFIC

Trouble is brewing in the Pacific, caused by the strained relations between the United States and Japan over immigration. In the Note handed in at Washington on Saturday Japan protests against the

offending clause, calls it discriminatory, and states that it is "manifestly intended to apply to the Japanese." Although anyone who knows the Far East is aware that Japan herself practises discrimination, she founds her protest in the Note on the iniquity of discrimination based on race—meaning, of course, discrimination against the people of her own race and Empire, notwithstanding the place they have won for themselves in the world. It is widely supposed that the Japanese are quiet, reserved, and undemonstrative, but on occasion they can be highly emotional, particularly when anything touches their national pride. Japanese feeling is thoroughly roused. It is all the more unfortunate that the British Government should choose this moment to offer for sale materials collected at Singapore for the base which, we had hoped, was only temporarily abandoned.

RUMANIA

Although the sensational reports in the papers are much exaggerated, the situation in Rumania is disturbed and disquieting. First came the news of the explosion in Bukarest, which in view of Rumania's strained relations with Soviet Russia has been attributed to the Bolsheviks. The affair has been minimized officially, and the truth of the matter is still difficult to discover. Following this came the news of the rising of the peasants, under General Averescu (a former Premier and Rumania's best soldier in the War), against the Bratiano regime, which is accused of tyranny, the wrongful distribution of public money, and the impoverishment of the country through the exclusion of foreign capital. In addition, the Bratiano party is charged with having attained power by faked elections. It is said that Averescu claims to be able to settle with Soviet Russia, but this is scarcely borne out by Trotsky's latest speech, in which he states very plainly that Russia needs Bessarabia as a stepping-stone to Constantinople, thus repeating nakedly the old Tsarist doctrine.

SOCIALISM AND INDUSTRIAL PEACE

The debate on the second reading of the Industrial Councils Bill showed once more, and perhaps more clearly than ever before, that Socialists can work for industrial peace in the present only on the understanding that its foundations shall be subverted in the near future. The proposals of the Bill, said Mr. Thurtle, who opposed it, were the very antithesis of Socialism, in that the measure contemplated as natural and permanent the division of those engaged in industry into employers and employed. Another Socialist, supporting the Bill, was constrained to admit that it was probably inconsistent with the Socialist State. He and others of his party could back it only as an instrument for temporary use. But how can it be expected that peace shall be permanent when the means by which it is maintained are from the outset marked for the scrap-heap?

"FARMING FROM LONDON"

All political parties in the State agree in regarding the lot of the farm labourer as in many cases a hard one, and are anxious to improve his condition. But we seriously question whether the Government's Agricultural Wages Bill will do anything in that direction. The Bill passed its second reading on Monday by the narrow majority of thirty-one votes in a tolerably full House—a fact which in itself suggests how doubtful are its provisions. Mr. Buxton, the Minister of Agriculture, described in his speech the pitiable state of the farm labourer, but, strangely enough, said nothing about the depression that prevails throughout the agricultural industry, though there is the most intimate connexion between them. We have no particular objection to local Wages Boards, though we

cannot see how these Boards can equitably raise wages if the farmer is not in a position to pay them. The real vice of the Bill is that it vests control not in local Boards, but in a Central Board and the Minister of Agriculture, neither of whom has the local knowledge for a just decision—"farming from London," as one speaker put it. We hope that the Bill will undergo substantial modification in committee.

A SPATE OF ELOQUENCE

Although the Prime Minister finds it difficult to take his place on the Front Bench at Westminster, he seems to seize every opportunity of addressing audiences on non-political subjects concerning the inwardness of which, on his own admission, he is at best an amateur. It is not surprising that non-believers in the Socialist faith are unkind enough to attribute these frequent appearances as being not altogether unconnected with a desire to make as many sections of the community as possible believe that the Socialist Party is not only "fit to govern," but desires to associate itself with the varied activities of the nation. In this connexion we recall the fact that the Prime Minister has several times told us that his political programme is designed to secure additional voting strength at the next election. What is more natural than that he should pursue the same end outside as well as inside the House of Commons? Obviously, on these occasions, although at times he skates warily over the thin ice, he would not wish to say anything that conflicts with the political aims of his party. But sometimes, we fear, he is led away by his own eloquence. For instance, when addressing the annual meeting of the National Art Collections Fund we find him saying, "Societies like this are the very best embodiment of individual effort in order to do great public service." Obviously a momentary aberration.

A SILENT REVOLUTION

IT is strange indeed to reflect how events profoundly affecting the lives of all of us often occur almost unnoticed. Professor Seeley's famous aphorism about the British people having conquered and peopled half the world in a fit of absence of mind is recalled by a political event of the week which, among the diversions and distractions of the Derby, the weather, and political crises in France, Germany and more than one other country, has suffered almost complete neglect alike by the Press and the people of Britain. Without any very prolonged consideration either of the proposal or its consequences, a Committee of the House of Commons has virtually assured the passage of a measure which will have an effect of fundamental importance on the future of the British democracy. By agreeing to extend the franchise to women of the age of twenty-one it has, indeed, effected a revolution none the less serious because it has been unaccompanied by the customary violence, and has, so far from raising a storm, scarcely raised an eyebrow. It is easy, no doubt, to make out a case for this proposal: it may even be said with some justice that the step was simply inevitable. If women are to have men's rights, they must have those rights in full: it would be illogical and preposterous to keep them waiting permanently at the half-way house. So much we concede, though it might be argued that this is less a vindication of the new proposal than a condemnation of the measure by which women were originally granted the vote at all. But that is no longer a defensible attitude, and even if it were we should not be prepared to defend it. We are, on the contrary, fully alive to the important part played by women in our politics, and recognize their usefulness both in administration and in debate, in many urgent matters of the day. But by this decision—now virtually assured—to grant a political vote to women of twenty-one on the same terms as to men, a political

revolution has undoubtedly been effected, and it is in relation to its consequences that we call attention to it here, and not from anti-feminist prejudice.

What does the proposal mean? It means, in short, that the whole aspect of our domestic politics is likely to be changed. Women voters will now outnumber men voters and the centre of balance in the political machine will be violently shifted. Problems of peculiar interest to women will receive a sudden access of attention from politicians, and each party will have to devise new measures and fresh allurements to attract the support of the preponderant sex. In many ways this will undoubtedly react to the benefit of British politics. The greater influence of women may do something to soften the deliberations of the "hard-faced men," and will certainly bring to certain vital subjects, such as housing, education and child welfare, qualities of immense value which would necessarily be lacking in an assembly composed exclusively of men and appealing exclusively to male voters. And though there are probably other subjects on which they will assert an influence of a less salutary because of a more sentimental kind, the general effect of their sudden addition of power is likely to be genuinely profitable to the nation.

If, therefore, we find ourselves ranged against this new extension of the franchise, it is not because it is an extension in favour of women, but simply because it is an extension at all. In our opinion not extension but curtailment is desirable; and since that is clearly not practical politics in an age in which vote-catching is rapidly becoming the be-all and end-all of government, then we would welcome as eminently sensible some such compromise as that embodied in the amendment proposed by Lord Eustace Percy, to grant the franchise to both men and women of twenty-five. Neither men nor women at the age of twenty-one—perhaps men even less than women—have a due sense of responsibility or a sufficient maturity of judgment to be entrusted with a vote. They have not by then developed a proper sense of citizenship or of their own relationship to the State and its affairs. Many of them, indeed, lack that sense all their lives. The tendency of popular government is towards a gradual demoralization of the State in pursuit of a mock democracy. Cheaper cinemas, cheaper sugar, doles for children, State-aid for this, that, and the other, such are the vote-catching devices of our Socialist administration; and having by such measures implanted in the minds of the people an unhealthy conception of the function of the State and the "rights" of the individual, the franchise is to be extended to just those persons who by reason of their immaturity will be least able to discriminate between wisdom and folly in the matter of electoral promises and legislative measures.

The thing, however, is as good as done, and we need waste no tears upon it. The hand that rocks the cradle is now to rule the world more directly than the proverb implies. And it is the duty as well as in the interest of the Conservative Party to place before the extended electorate such proposals as will win its support. No one supposes that the new voters, when their privilege is established, will all exercise their powers in the same direction. But it is now more than ever the clear duty of Conservatism, in the service of the national well-being, to educate the people in the affairs of the country, to put before them clearly and forcibly in each and every constituency the problems of our time, and to offer them such alternatives to the demoralizing offers of Socialism as shall, by their acceptance, assure the future safety, honour, and welfare of the nation. We have chosen, for good or ill, the path of democracy, and we must tread it. It will need clear foresight and wise and tactful handling to restrain the eager and unready millions from falling prey to the many temptations that peculiarly beset democracies and lead them easily and fatally into decline. Having given power to the many it must be our concern to see that they learn to use it, we will not say well, but less than disastrously.

THE LONDON SEASON

BY common consent the week which is now ending has been the height of the season. There has been the King's birthday, with its attendant ceremonies and decorations, the Derby, and June 4 celebrations at Eton—which must have produced a serious conflict in many parents' hearts—and for Members of Parliament the cheerful imminence of the Whitsuntide recess. Then there is the more permanent but increasingly popular presence of Wembley, the reopening of Drury Lane Theatre with a play designed to appeal to that middle area which lies between high-brow and low-brow, the presence in London of the company from the *Comédie française*, and the superb delight of 'Rosenkavalier.' All we can say is that we are having a good time, and not all the thunder, lightning, rain, floods and devastations by sea and land can prevent us from enjoying it.

The London season has, in fact, for the first time since the war become again a reality. In considerable measure this is due to the activities of the Royal Family. We should have, we think, to go back as far as the few years between the end of the Crimean War and the death of Prince Albert to find a period where Royalty so clearly occupied the centre of the social scene. During the long and secluded widowhood of Queen Victoria the Crown itself took little part in social affairs, and in the later and gayer years of King Edward there were not any young people about Buckingham Palace. Nowadays a man, if he is clumsy enough, may stumble over a prince in almost any fashionable place for dancing. There is hardly a light entertainment at the theatre where you may not go some night and find a Royal party next you, driving you to that exercise of studious inattention to their presence which you hope will be considered good manners. Since the war the Prince of Wales has been so constantly abroad that his presence in town during the season must be almost a fresh experience for him. It is surely the greatest service which the King and Queen and their family have done to the social success of these months—much more than the *levées* and Courts and Court balls with all their brilliance—that they should be seen habitually about London and outside it, at theatres, dances, the Exhibition, and, if a little relaxation is wanted of an afternoon, sitting in the Peers' Gallery listening to the rich intonations of those likeable but perfervid Communists in the House of Commons.

In many respects the London season has changed in type. No longer is there the family coming up to town, taking a furnished house, or staying at one of those quiet, apparently old-fashioned, but extremely comfortable hotels on the fringes of Mayfair, the punctual exodus by way of Goodwood, and then back, by way of Cowes, through Euston or King's Cross to the moors. We live nowadays more casually. We are always running up to town to this or that. We dress more cheaply in spite of the rising cost of materials, need more and harder hours in the open air, and care much less for being tied down to a fixed routine. The fixed points in the social calendar—the visit to the Opera, attendance at the garden party, the latest play of Mr. Irving or afterwards of Mr. Tree, walking in the Park, a visit to Ranelagh or Hurlingham—have no longer the authenticity of a ritual. Picture papers enable us to look tranquilly in bed over a morning cup of tea at Royal visitors whose presence would have stirred our grandfathers to turn up in their thousands where we turn up in our tens. Indeed, the Press photographer, sociologically considered, is an important element in that conservation of energy which enables people to dance gaily and with bright eyes well into the middle of the night in circumstances where their less fortunate ancestors would have been in a state of sound but exhausted sleep. Any one who expected the coming of Labour into power to affect our

normal social gaieties must be completely reassured. The Prime Minister did not indeed attend the Derby, but he has been scrupulously present on ceremonial occasions, and indeed appears to exercise a social activity considerably greater than either of his predecessors. It has already been proved that there is no difference between Labour and other parties in this respect. Unfortunately, however, though the ruling part of Labour has completely and complacently slipped into the ordinary scheme of the season, some of the rest of it has not. The sudden strike which took place in the past week on the Underground railways, is only one more indication added to several earlier in the year of a new strike policy which makes victims not of employers so much as of the public. At the moment of writing it is impossible to say how far the strike will spread. It has already, however, gone far enough to dislocate people's opportunities not only for pleasure, such as going to Wembley, but of carrying on the normal daily routine of work. We do not believe that there is any revolutionary spirit in this country. On the other hand, a sudden blow at our lawful occasions such as this does make us realize that beneath the bright and glittering surface of the season there is the disconcerting and not fully calculable menace of Communist discontent. But an interesting and not unamusing sidelight on the ameliorative effects of social intercourse is provided by the spectacle of members of the Soviet Delegation, dressed in painfully respectable bourgeois attire, attending a *levée* at Buckingham Palace.

THE FRENCH POLITICAL CRISIS

(FROM OUR FRENCH CORRESPONDENT)

Paris, Wednesday, June 4

FOUR years and a half ago the *Bloc National*, led by Clemenceau and Millerand, beat the Radicals who had been almost continuously in office since 1877. The commotion was great, but the conquering party showed no elation; above all, they did not seem anxious to turn their victory into reprisals. There was a Radical Cabinet in office and a Radical President at the Elysée: not a word was said about changing the Presidents—that was a matter of course—but not even a word was said about changing the administration: throughout the *Bloc National* served under Radical Premiers and refused to listen to the prophecies of M. Tardieu and M. Maudel, who felt sure that by thus sacrificing to the *Union Sacrée* they were really sacrificing themselves.

Four weeks ago the Radicals, thanks to a combine with the Socialists, once more secured a majority, and since then what have we seen and heard? An uninterrupted ovation from the victors to their own triumph and a concert of threats against the fallen party. It has long been a habit of the Radicals to identify their political opponents with that odious thing, clericalism, that is to say, the domination of the Church in a domain where she has no business to be, but it is no less startling to see a naturally moderate man like M. Herriot state his intention to enforce the law on religious orders—that is to say, plan the banishment of thousands of poor nuns and the ejection of the Jesuits from their schools—and the suppression of the Embassy to the Vatican, in spite of the fact that the Embassy was re-established, not by Catholic politicians, but by a sceptic like M. Briand, a pure Radical like M. de Monzie, or a Jew like Senator Weiller, in imitation of England and from entirely patriotic motives. M. Herriot knows it and saves his face by saying that not a single Frenchman will be hindered in his religious life by the suppression, but he would never dare to say that France as a nation will not be the loser. Above all, the Radical Party shows its vindictive spirit by its attack on the President of the Republic. Will M. Millerand give in, or will he be saved by the moderate Radicals in the Senate, or will he show fight to the extent of sending for M. Maginot if M. Herriot

—more obedient to the will of his party than true to his own statements—refuses to form a Cabinet, cannot, at the time of writing, be foreseen. The question is one of principle rather than one of immediate interest, for the President, who never has much power, will have less than ever; but the English reader will realize the situation best by imagining what would have happened in England if Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, instead of making a strong appeal for union and collaboration, as he did on taking office, had adopted the contrary attitude. To sum up, we witness a violent return to what historians call *la République Parlementaire*, that is to say, the exclusive rule of the Chamber, and to pre-eminence being given to interior problems, i.e., mere politics, over questions of world-wide interest. The Radicals are exactly what they used to be: vague in their ideas but violent in their emotions.

The second feature to be noted in the present developments is the failure of the Radicals in securing the collaboration of the Socialists. Radical-Socialist organs like *l'Œuvre* or *le Quotidien*, which ought to be read daily by people anxious to get at the spirit active under mere political moves, do their best to conceal their disappointment at the Socialists' refusal to accept office, but the disappointment is keen all the same. Certainly M. Herriot has succeeded in drawing up a list—incorporated in a letter to M. Blum—of legislative measures which the Socialists are willing to support along with the Radicals, but in the first place he had to include in this list the recognition of trade unionism for Government officials—a terrible concession on the part of a *bourgeois* government—and the letter which came in answer to his own was far from being written in the cordial tone he had adopted. The Socialists, especially spurred as they are sure to be by the noisy Communist group, will be exacting Allies. To the universal surprise, they have endorsed M. Herriot's intention of staying in the Ruhr, but who can tell how many obstacles they will not place in his way in the carrying out of this resolve? Moreover, M. Herriot was anxious to obtain the Socialists' participation in power, because of the extreme scarcity of men of any eminence in his own party. Orators like Paul Boncour, Blum, or Moutet, would have lent no inconsiderable lustre to a Cabinet which otherwise is sure to appear somewhat drab in colour, and if M. Herriot takes advantage of the Amnesty he has promised his Socialist friends to include later on M. Caillaux in his Cabinet, he will certainly impart to it brilliance, but at the cost of more of the British good will than he can be willing to forego.

Finally, a careful observer cannot help noticing in M. Herriot a degree of anxiety very different from the triumphant demeanour of his associates. At first M. Herriot seemed to believe that the new slump in the franc coincident with the success of his party at the election was caused by manoeuvres for which his political enemies were responsible, and for a few days he was satisfied with threatening them with a legal action which he thought would be enough to frighten them. A day or two ago he made a melancholy admission that such threats were futile and that the pound could only be stabilized between seventy and eighty francs by rigid financial measures. But how can one have recourse to drastic economies after promising such expensive things as the keeping up of official situations which M. Poincaré wanted to do away with, the raising of officials' salaries by the enormous sum of 1,800 francs, the creation of costly "social insurances," and the return to State monopolies which always cost the Treasury more than they brought in? The Radicals, of course, intend, as they always did, to compensate themselves by taxing capital more heavily, but capital cannot be punished severely without detriment to the franc. M. Herriot, who is no fool and has no small experience of financial administration, knows all this, and the consciousness of it appears in the contrast between his tone and that of his irresponsible followers. I have no room to point out the difficulty of

his position with regard to Reparations, but it is as serious a cause of anxiety as the future of the franc, and, besides, it is intimately connected with it.

On the whole, the Radical Party is overjoyed at resuming power, because that is easy, and satisfied at its alliance with the Socialists, because such an alliance does not seem difficult. But the Radical leader finds himself confronted by real problems and looks grave.

THE PALACE OF ARTS: WEMBLEY

BY ANTHONY BERTRAM

THE Palace of Arts at Wembley needs in itself a whole day's attention from the visitor; yet it is but one of a dozen centres of interest in the British Empire Exhibition. This article, therefore, is of necessity much condensed, and is, frankly, less an article than a catalogue, with added criticism, of the more interesting features of the galleries.

We shall, perhaps, be most interested in the Palace of Arts at Wembley to learn what hope there is in the Colonies. We shall be disappointed everywhere but in Canada. The New Zealand painting is mostly cold and insipid. 'A West Country Farm' (Y. 16) by Eleanor Hughes alone impressed me. In South Africa there is more warmth and a rather tired vigour. 'Old Oyster Woman' (Z. 24) by D. Kay is unquestionably the best work. This is a vivid piece of modelling and a penetrating exposition of psychology. W. Paton's 'Clay Pit, Natal' (Z. 20), is an attractive, "atmospheric" painting; J. H. Pierneef has captured the feeling of sunshine and loitering cloud in his 'Doomfontein, Johannesburg' (Z. 1); but it is only in E. Roworth's 'Blijsschap, Western Province' (Z. 6), that we get the sense of South African brilliance and heat. In the Indian and Burmese Gallery we find the deplorable effect of Western on Eastern art. The Bengal Section, which is more native in feeling, without being really very good, is superior to the Bombay Section, which is partly really very bad. The pre-eminent quality of the Australian work is "atmospheric." Some admirable representational effects are produced, notably W. Lister Lister's 'Williams River' (DD. 9), E. Gruner's 'Morning Light' (DD. 34) and his 'Valley of the Tweed' (DD. 57), a picture finely conveying space and size, and Arthur Streeton's 'Halls Gap' (DD. 65).

With Canada, however, we are in a happier position. We can sincerely acclaim a vigorous and original art. Two modes of feeling emerge strongly; a fine decorative sense and a passionate preoccupation with the stress of growth. In many cases there is something of both in one painting, but I would roughly class the more interesting work in the following manner. As primarily decorative, Frederick H. Varley's dramatic 'Stormy Weather, Georgian Bay' (EE. 1), Alexander Young Jackson's 'The Northland' (EE. 10) and his 'Winter, Georgian Bay' (EE. 14), Tom Thomson's 'The West Wind' (EE. 20) and his 'The Jack Pine' (EE. 24), Lawren Harris's 'Pines, Kempenfelt Bay' (EE. 30), which is remarkable for its cooler colour harmony and lighter painting, J. E. H. Macdonald's 'The Solemn Land' (EE. 38), a landscape, like Varley's, with an added literary quality, and Arthur Lismer's 'September Gale' (EE. 46). In the second group, which emphasizes the turmoil of earth with, on occasion, something of Van Gogh's manner, I should place H. Mabel May's 'Old House in the Laurentians' (EE. 2) and her 'Late Winter in the Laurentians' (EE. 41), Albert Henry Robinson's 'Melting Snows, Laurentians' (EE. 11), and his 'Village on the Gulf' (EE. 40), Lawren Harris's 'Grey Day in Town' (EE. 26), where the stress is momentarily hushed, and his 'Shacks' (EE. 34), a really magnificent painting, rich in colour, surely modelled and inevitable in design, and finally Arthur Lismer's 'Logging, Nova Scotia' (EE. 55). It will be remarked that in several

instances painters have produced work of both manners, which suggests that they are two genuine modes of national feeling and not the exclusive styles of groups. As in most of the Colonies there is little portraiture, but even in this somewhat stagnant branch of painting the Canadians have found their own method. Henrietta M. Shore's 'Christine' (EE. 6) is a witty and beautiful work, and Randolph Stanley Hewton's 'Miss Audrey Buller' (EE. 43) is striking both in design and colour. Edwin Headley Holgate's 'Suzy' (EE. 37) is a brilliantly clever arrangement, which, like his drawings (EE. 45 and 46), suggests the influence of Cézanne. But, on the whole, we may say that the Canadian artists are more independent of prevailing fashions than the younger English, while they are as remote from the academic.

We may turn now to the Galleries of English Art. The collection of eighteenth century work is of absolutely first-class quality. Here, as generally in the retrospective sections, the policy has been to select well-known pictures wherever possible. For the purposes of the Exhibition this seems to me altogether wise. These great pictures from private collections, so frequently seen in bad reproductions and so rarely, if ever, seen in the originals, have an opportunity of vindicating their true greatness to the *blasés*; the recognition of them gives infinite pleasure to simple folk; and, of course, in the end the most popular pictures really are the greatest, as witness the 'Sixtine Madonna' or the 'Mona Lisa.'

I was particularly moved by Allan Ramsay's delightful portrait of 'Lady Susan Fox-Strangways' (V. 1). This sympathetic and delicate painter is curiously overlooked by the public, and it is to be hoped that this example of his work may stir their sluggish interest. Hogarth is excellently represented by 'David Garrick and His Wife' (V. 2). The 'Sir F. Dashwood, President of the Hell Fire Club' (V. 10), is amusing, but the group picture, 'The Stay Maker' (V. 22), is a poor example. Richard Wilson's 'The Thames near Twickenham' (V. 4) is among his finest works; and I dare to say that Cotman's 'Landscape with Waterfall' (V. 13) is his finest. There is charm and delicacy in Henry Walton's 'The Fruit Barrow' (V. 9); and Copley's 'The Sitwell Family' (V. 11) is altogether delightful. The 'Stratford Mill on the Stour' (V. 15) is a fine Constable. Crome is no less well shown in his 'Marlingford Grove' (V. 26). George Stubbs, that typically English, charming, and conscientious painter, is represented by 'Brood Mares and Foals' (V. 20). Hoppner is best seen in the amazingly good 'Miss Frances Vane as Miranda' (V. 27), Lawrence in the popular 'Master Lambton' (V. 24), and Romney in the even more popular 'Lady Hamilton—The Spinstress' (V. 18). Sir J. Watson Gordon's 'Self-Portrait' (V. 33) is worthy of that considerable painter, but I feel that neither Archer Shee nor Beechey can be fairly estimated by the works exhibited. The picture which will most immediately draw attention is Reynolds's famous 'Duchess of Devonshire and her Daughter' (V. 25), one of the greatest masterpieces of English art. Yet, to my mind, it is easily topped by the superb Gainsboroughs, the 'Hon. Edward Bouverie' (V. 14), and the 'Countess of Chesterfield' (V. 38). The landscape, excellent though it is, is not quite worthy of that great section of Gainsborough's art. Of the two Turners, I prefer the 'Conway Castle' (V. 37).

Among Grants and Wilkies and Watts in Gallery W, Raeburn's 'The Macnab' (W. 2) towers, clear and magnificent. It is a scathing comment on the age in which Landseer's 'Monarch of the Glen' (W. 3) was accounted art. Mark Fisher's little landscape 'The Brook' (W. 10) is extremely pleasing, and I defy the most pedantic aesthetic to ignore Frith's 'The Railway Station' (W. 21). It may not be art, but it is a most amusing illustration. Millais's 'Mrs. Bischoffsheim' (W. 27) is a fine portrait; but the only work which can at all stand up to 'The

Macnab' is Etty's 'Mars, Venus, and Cupid' (W. 38). It can stand up, but it will lose, of course.

The exhibition of modern English work is extensive and catholic. The only important omissions which I have noted are of Sickert and Duncan Grant, and in neither case is this the fault of the administration.

In Gallery O there is nothing worthy of remark in a short survey, except Walter Greaves's slightly wooden portrait of 'Thomas Carlyle' (O. 42) and William Nicholson's delightful portrait of 'Walter Greaves' (O. 59). Gallery Q contains more interesting work. Paul Nash shows his 'Buildings at Whiteleaf' (Q. 30) and John Nash his emotional 'Buckinghamshire Landscape' (Q. 4). Bernard Adeney's 'The Cotswolds' (Q. 7) is a solid piece of work. I liked both Nina Hammett's 'George Manuel Unwin' (Q. 15) and Elliot Seabrooke's 'Landscape' (Q. 17). 'Plymouth Pier' (Q. 34) is an admirable example of Charles Ginner's carefully knitted style.

Among the modern water-colours and drawings in Gallery R, Job Nixon's 'Cook Shop in Chelsea' (R. 17), Leon Underwood's 'Composition' (R. 75), Laura Knight's 'Behind the Scenes' (R. 78), and William T. Wood's 'Earliest Spring in Kew Gardens' (R. 97) are all pleasing. Bateman's 'The Evolution of the Christmas Card' (R. 72) is, of course, a triumph of comic draughtsmanship.

Finally, in Gallery U, there remain several important paintings. Bertram Priestman's 'Gairloch Bridge' (U. 2) is attractive in a sentimental way. Mark Gertler's 'Fruit' (U. 18), on the other hand, makes a rich and sensuous appeal by purely aesthetic means. 'Southern Spain' (U. 34) is a good example of Oliver Hall's quiet and effective vision. P. Wilson Steer is insufficiently represented by the delightful little 'A Woodland Glade' (U. 36). I should have liked to see a larger work by this great painter. We cannot afford the risk of his being overlooked, and the exhibition is so vast and the visitors so casual that size, rather than quality, will, I am afraid, attract most attention. Augustus John will not suffer for that reason. His enormous and admirable 'Symphonie Espagnole' (U. 40) dominates the room. F. J. Porter exhibits a finely projected study, 'Still Life with Flowers' (U. 41), and Charles E. Cundall one of his mysteriously lighted landscapes, 'Eze' (U. 45). I liked Glyn Philpot's 'The Sisters' (U. 29).

The sculpture is generally appalling; but I am glad to see that Frank Dobson is fully represented in the 1924 Period Room. The theatrical section is of great historic interest, Gordon Craig's design for the storm scene in 'Lear' (M. 119) being the only example of modern scenic art.

Ecclesiastical art, as shown in the Basilica, is not very vital. A. K. Lawrence's wall painting (F. 24) is, however, most effective. Although immediately reminiscent of Piero della Francesca, it is not too derivative. Both in feeling and representation, it is a successful compromise between modernity and a traditional restraint. Monks and priests mingle with modern soldiers and scientists in service to the central Christ. A touch of medieval irony is supplied by the overdressed men of the world who stand aloof and disdainful. The background is a wonderfully happy combination of Italian and war landscape.

The Period Rooms of the past are triumphantly successful: 1750 in its beauty; 1815 in its solid dignity; 1852 in its delightful hideousness; and 1888 in its cold and conscious "artiness." The 1924 bedroom is not unpleasing, but the dining-room is fussy and tawdry.

In conclusion, I must say a word of general praise for the exhibits of applied arts. The size of the exhibition has forced this notice into the dry paths of enumeration. A volume would be insufficient for proper criticism. But I hope that this fruit of five careful visits to the Palace of Arts may assist those who are compelled to set themselves the laborious task of comprehending it in an hour or so.

A WILLOW SONG

By JAMES AGATE

IF the last test of a game is its capacity for being written about, then Cricket is easily King. Cricket is amenity; there are pleasant things to be said about it, as Dickens, Meredith, and Miss Mitford knew. Has not one of our modern story-tellers taken the game no later than this week as a single theme for a full-length novel? But I imagine Mr. Neville Cardus, whose new book* lies before me, to be a despoiler of the fictional aspects of cricket. What's Hecuba to a batsman well set, or to a bowler nearing the end of his repertory? Until the sun declines behind the trees, and these, with shadowy fingers, steal to the wicket and draw stumps for the day—until seven o'clock, in plain English, the world holds for your true cricketer neither love nor hate. For him, marrying and giving in marriage, battle, murder and sudden death, are in suspense. Your novelist must condescend to love and such-like trivialities; your chronicler is for the game, the whole game and nothing but the game. Mr. Cardus is such a one.

"Ce qui j'adore dans la musique," wrote Goncourt, "ce sont les femmes qui écoutent." There is a danger in writing of Mr. Cardus's quality—the danger that we may come to prefer the thing written to the thing written about. Cricketers are but men, and our author would too often have them gods. The finest piece of writing about cricket that I know is Mr. Cardus's description of Richardson's bowling against the Australians in the last innings of the Manchester Test Match over a quarter of a century ago. Now Mr. Cardus cannot have been more than seven or eight years old at the time, and there is the additional disability that he did not see the match! I did, and can testify that the event was almost as glorious as our chronicler's reconstruction. After all, Shakespeare was not present at Agincourt. Still, with this in mind, it is well to bring to the reading of Mr. Cardus just one little pinch of salt, whereby the extravagance, which is ever the heightening quality of the artist, stands corrected. Did our author ever see "W. G."? We feel the impertinence of the question when we read: "No lover of cricket as he wanders about Lord's can very well keep the thought of Grace from his mind, for though Grace was a Gloucestershire man surely he larded the green earth at Lord's till the very spirit of him may be said to have gone into the grass." "Larded" is pure loveliness; and I repeat that there is the danger that we may esteem the finding of this adjective a more notable thing than the achievements which called it into being. There is less doubt that our author saw J. T. Tyldesley plain, and more than once—yet here again his youth bewrayeth him. The "slash stroke, that upper-cut over the slip's heads" was the invention not of "Johnny" Tyldesley but of "Johnny" Briggs. It may even be doubted whether Briggs ever got out in any other way.

Many people will read this book for the soundness of its theory—its condemnation, for example, of the two-eyed stance, which has abolished the cut and the off-drive and made that side of the wicket "as dull as a winter's day"—but I have read and shall re-read it for the pictures it conjures up of great batsmen and great bowlers in being. Mr. Cardus holds by old Buffon's theory: the style is the man. Maclaren, Ranjitsinhji, Spooner, Trumper, Duff, Shrewsbury, Lucas, W. W. Read—these, he tells us, were stylists. Not one of them played his game after the manner of the others. They expressed in cricket their own private and immortal souls, using bats as other men use fiddles and brushes. They were, in short, artists. And Mr. Cardus goes on to declare that every one of Hirst's innings was an autobiography—it almost told you what his politics were. "So with Maclaren. Once you had

seen him at play, masterfully putting balls to the boundary—nay, he dismissed them from his presence with the wave of an imperial bat—you knew the man." And we are invited to measure the shock with which we should have discovered, after an elegy in batsmanship by Shrewsbury, that its author was a loud, Rabelaisian fellow. Quaife, we are reminded, was no Boythorne roaring a gusty way through life; while C. B. Fry "deliberately turned his mind and spirit inside out for all the world to look at."

Mr. Cardus is as much an artist as these men in flannels, and I shall make good this claim by quoting a single passage:

A bat, indeed, can look an entirely different instrument in different hands. With Grace it was a rod of correction, for to him bad bowling was a deviation from moral order; Ranjitsinhji turned a bat into a wand, passing it before the eyes of the foe till they followed him in a trance along his processional way; George Hirst's bat looked like a stout cudgel belabouring all men not born in Yorkshire; Macartney used his bat all for our bedazzlement, as Sergeant Troy used his blade for the bedazzlement of Bathsheba—it was a bat that seemed everywhere at once, yet nowhere specially.

One would like to quote the whole of the chapter on Walter Brearley. To describe "Ranji," our author calls on the muse that sent Coleridge his visions of Kubla Khan; for Maclaren he demands that a "minor Gibbon must unloose a majesty of cadence." But Brearley, he tells us, is like the wind in Dickens that roared "Ho! Ho!" all over the country-side till it got tired of inland fun, scampered out to sea and, with the other winds, made a night of it. Brearley was the great Lancashire wind blowing through cricket. It is unlikely that these old heroes will recognize themselves in these heroic pages. To say truth, the modest fellows are drawn just a shade bigger than life-size, like Harry of England and his merry men. Shakespeare and Mr. Cardus? My pen gallops a-pace. But so does our author's. And so, too, must gallop Tyldesley's sense of his own awe and wonder when he reads that he was ever "a born pragmatist."

THE TRUTH ABOUT VESUVIUS

By LOUIS GOLDING

LEAST of all under the intensely melodramatic sky of Naples can you resist the feeling that the incredible cactus of these southern parts, the *fichi d'India*, have been deliberately planted by the Italian State Railway Company, either to impress foreign travellers, or to give some spare-time occupation to their officials. Do not English railway employees decorate the minor stations with calceolarias and lobelias? My hypothesis seemed to fit admirably the impossible fantasy of their growth. How could nature herself be responsible for these top-heavy gesticulations, these oblique sproutings? Not that the railway companies as reformed by Mussolini had any hand in it; but it struck me that the manipulation of the *fichi d'India* was precisely the occupation that had absorbed the attentions of those armies of fathers-in-law, sons-in-law, cousins and personal acquaintances whom every railway official in Italy had formerly attached to his permanent personnel. How more admirably while away the tedium that preceded the train's arrival and minister to the exhaustion that followed its departure? I could envision *fichi d'India* competitions between the staffs of Pescara and Termoli, and Termoli carrying off the crown of wild agave. Now the rumour came from Bari that a new secotone had been discovered to make the leaves stick to the trunks in attitudes still more pathological. Now Termoli countered by the invention of a pattern which made all previous arrangements unadventurous as a bucket. Then in burst a courier from Cotrone.

"Masters," he panted . . .

But in the great plains out of which Vesuvius rises with such grandiosity, the plant grew so promiscuously and with so deliberate an attempt at picturesque dis-

* *Days in the Sun*. By Neville Cardus. Grant Richards. 6s. net.

order, that I was forced to suspect the agency of some far more dynamic corporation than the Italian State Railway. It was when I discovered the truth about Vesuvius that I realized conclusively how their efforts had been supplemented by Messrs. Cook and the American Express Company, those institutions which, before the dawn of history, introduced Parthenope and the Sirens to these coasts, stage-managed the journeys of Odysseus, and generally have taken in hand the *décor* of these most theatrical regions in the world.

I must have had a sudden instinctive realization of the artificiality of Vesuvius when first I set eyes upon it. I was dozing in the corner of a railway-carriage when a gentleman opposite me thrust under my nose a case of hideous vases. I disliked their shape, surface, colour and texture equally. "Made," said he, "out of the lava of Vesuvius *proprio*. There, *in faccia!*" "I don't like Vesuvius!" I cried out of my subconscious deeps. He recoiled, as from one who might say, "I hate Heaven!" But I do not like Vesuvius. It may be partly the fault of Etna and Stromboli, which are volcanoes and no mistake about it. It may be the fault of the funicular railway which vulgarizes it so efficiently. I tell myself that it is farcical to call it a "fake" volcano. What would you do, I ask myself reprovingly, if something had induced you to spend the night at Torre del Greco, round the bay there. And the porter knocked at your door, and you could hear through the panels his own teeth and his own knees knocking together independently, and he said, "*Signore*, the volcano is in eruption!" And you put your feet to the floor and found it already six inches deep with little grey cinders, and you looked through the window and saw a stream of molten lava which had already engulfed the greengrocer's shop at the corner. And fiery clouds plunged across the sky blindly . . . and . . . but, I am convinced in the first place that nothing could ever induce me to spend a night at Torre del Greco, and secondly, I flatly refuse to believe that the porter would do any such thing as pause to warn me of my danger. And, finally, I am not at all certain that the evidence of Pliny the Younger is sufficient to disprove the suspicion, which certain damning documents have lately crystallized into a conviction, that Messrs. Cook and the American Express Company did not themselves construct Vesuvius as a commercial speculation (their most flourishing, I wager); and who can say dogmatically that they do not go off secretly to Pompeii every midnight with a cart-load of properties, for the precise purpose of their disinterment next morning?

There is no element in the spiritual existence of Naples which is not keyed up to this melodrama of which Vesuvius is the symbol, not keyed up to a state of violent and factitious intensity. Take the anguish with which the Neapolitans contemplate religion. It is an anguish of the features, not of the soul. The statues of Christ placed in every shop-window, either for tutelary purposes or for sale simply, are a harrowing instance. So liberally bespattered with blood are they that hardly any white flesh survives. The effectiveness of the blood is in direct ratio with its economy, but that sort of æsthetic does not prevail under Vesuvius. It is to that mountain that all this extravagance is to be attributed, despite the insistence of some authorities that this spasmodism is purely Spanish in origin; and though Naples was in the hands of the Spaniard when, in 1489-92, the terra-cotta group of 'Christ in the Sepulchre' was executed for the Church of Sant' Anna dei Lombardi, it was Guido Mazzoni, an Italian, who was responsible for it. A group of fifteenth-century worthies poses about the body of Christ in attitudes, and with expressions, of such fierce realism that Tussaud is mere conventional decoration in comparison with them. The wart, for instance, in the cheek of Nicodemus. How different in intention from the wart in Pinturicchio's picture, the painter's transfigured with a sort of radiance, the sculptor's meticulous with a mean virtuosity! But looking upon the

Magdalene hideously weeping, her flung hair, her jaw twisted, I wondered why the face was so irresistibly familiar. Then I remembered. In no detail of pose or feature was she different from a woman I had seen in a back street on my way to Sant' Anna—her own great-grandchild's great-grandchild, perhaps? Why not? Loftier families have sunken to lowlier gutters. The woman was calling now upon all the saints, now upon her neighbours, to witness the iniquity of the woman in the doorway opposite. The neighbours grouped about them, not unlike the grouping of the terra-cotta figures, gave each complainant their impartial sympathy; but this impelled the last recess of lung on the part of both ladies to more and more brazen clamour. Till the husband of the Magdalene slapped her heavily on the mouth and dragged her by the hair through the dark portals behind them. Once more she issued and presented her views to the chorus, but with more equanimity; with a tolerance, even, of the arch-fiend opposite. The arch-fiend was beating her head monotonously on a wall.

Vesuvius, beyond the swashbuckling curve of the bay, looked on complacently.

GAMMON AND SPINET

By IVOR BROWN

The Mask and the Face. Adapted by C. B. Fernald from the Italian of Luigi Chiarelli. Criterion Theatre.
The Old Batchelour. By William Congreve. Given by the Phoenix at the Regent Theatre. June 1 and 2.

THE MASK AND THE FACE was pronounced to be good gammon when played at Hampstead in the spring, and it fully justifies translation to the hub of theatre-land. To sprinkle the plot of 'The Playboy of the Western World' with a tincture of 'The Importance of Being Ernest,' and then serve with Italian sauce, may seem a most curious method of cuisine, but the proof of the mixture is in the final flavour, which is sharp without being acid. The central figure is a play-boy of Lake Como's elegant villadom, Count Mario Grazia, as proud as Lucifer and as scant of wit as Aguecheek. Conceive him in patent leather and a high conceit, vaunting his romantic notions of the marriage-bond. Let his wife be unfaithful and with his own hands he will avenge his humiliation by a strangle-hold. He rails at the cynical light-of-loves of Como. He will show them the short way with wanton wives.

It was bound to happen. His wife, Savina, gives cause of suspicion and he must show his loyalty to the high, Roman way. Still, strangling a wife is neither as easy nor as pleasant as bringing the ruler down with a smack upon the errant mosquito. So Mario smuggles Savina out of the country, assumes the mien of one who can toss a wife into the lake and then ask for work, is tried on a charge of murder, acquitted, lionized, and taken for a Great Regenerating Force in a world of midget sinners. And then, of course, Savina . . . it was bound to happen. No dramatist could blow so rich a bubble as Mario's pride and deny himself the pleasure of pricking it. How better than by making the wife a mourner at her own funeral?

Mr. Frank Cellier, surely the most versatile actor on our stage, plays Mario with a mask that is child-like and bland. You see this strutting, oratorical husband for the vacuum that he is, at once as smooth and empty as a wind-egg. You see him slipping in desperation into his great bluff and dipping his hands into imaginary gore, not because he enjoys a joke, but because he is totally unable to see one. For Mario was not born to high jinks and is none of nature's cozeners, but is a playboy *malgré lui*, beneath whose sleek solemnity rise authentic agonies of panic as he sees how the path of vain-glory has led by way of a fictional grave to his own complete undoing. Such frustration of ambitious noodledom drives into the heart of satiric comedy, and Mr. Cellier gives the

blade a twist after his authors have struck home. With Miss Athene Seyler as the wife who will not die, the delicate mockery of Como's Humpty-Dumpty reveals as light and incisive a piece of acting as London has seen for some time. This is gammon *de luxe*.

'The Old Batchelour' has been lying in the cupboard for a century and a half, but with Congreve restored to position as a fashionable dramatist, his young idea was certain to be given an airing. As a first play it is astonishing; Congreve "towering in the confidence of twenty-one" was a master of the English theatre at an age when his modern counterparts are still struggling to pass examinations. Dryden may have helped him, but nothing short of precocious genius could have phrased this essay in drawing-room diablerie which continued to delight the eighteenth century with its icy, perverted rationalism. Congreve must have ceased to feel and wonder and begun to sneer and smile when he should have been learning to construe Homer and to be entranced by the surge and thunder of the Odyssey. By the time that he was old enough (as we think) to know the world he had ceased to write about it; and he turned away from Millamant as one who should put away childish things. 'The Old Batchelour' was the work of a boy, and not the ability to make record breaks at billiards could be a greater tribute to a mis-spent youth. We may, however, enjoy the fruits of prodigality; the attic has had them too long.

It is difficult in these days to find a convention in which to act Congreve; in such a play as this there is something more than airs and graces and splendour of speech. There is a certain rough-and-tumble of intrigue and there is stout Captain Bluffe, who may have the voice of Congreve, but whose bulk and humours are Jonsonian. If one is to formalize and stylize the whole production as though it were a kind of prose ballet, Captain Bluffe becomes a gross invader, and if one is to make the bellowings of Bluffe the tuning-note, then what becomes of those dolls, Araminta and Belinda, and what of Sylvia and her spinet? Bluffe's gammon and Sylvia's spinet are not easy to mix.

The Phoenix performance, for which Mr. Allan Wade was responsible, was something of a medley. Mr. Roy Byford, as Bluffe, reminded us that he was recently a notable Falstaff and stepped as surely from the Bankside into the Regent Theatre as Mr. Esmé Percy, the Bellmour, stepped out of the Piazza and the coffee-house. Miss Cecily Byrne, as Araminta, Mrs. Bracegirdle's original part, acted with a modern natural sweetness, while her companion Belinda was being brilliantly simulated by Miss Laura Cowie as a dark bundle of "period" affectations. Mr. William J. Rea, as the Batchelour, spoke his lines well and left it at that, while Mr. Hay Petrie, of the "Old Vic.," gave to Fondlewife something of the wistful humanity with which he adorns the Shakespearean clowns. The cheating of Fondlewife acquired a quality of invasive pathos, so gently and beautifully did Mr. Petrie portray the fellow's inability to handle a naughty wife in a naughty world. As his wife, Miss Isabel Jeans exercised a dominating witch-craft; here was a style indeed, artifice at its highest power, the *vox humana* of the spinet.

One would give much to have a glimpse of Drury Lane in 1693. How bluff was Bluffe? How did the ladies move and speak? Was it all riot or all ritual? Or was it, as we saw it this week, a marriage, even a polygamy, of styles? No one can ever know and no one can ever find the formula that suits Congreve in a modern theatre without considerable experiment. The Phoenix gave us the play audibly, and for that we are grateful. Perhaps Congreve himself would have revelled in the blend of gammon and spinet and been entranced by our players; there is always the possibility that Mrs. Bracegirdle was rather small beer compared to a modern brew.

Saturday Stories: XXVIII.

GOOD-BYE

BY ANGUS WILSON

SO here was Naples at last. And Good Lord, wasn't it time! Paris, Lausanne, Venice, Florence, Rome—what a journey! Really, now you come to think of it, it was a bit too much of a good thing, all in a fortnight. Of course, it had been capital fun for both of them—"very nearly a honeymoon, Doris"—as someone had said in London, the minute before they flipped up like a blessed tiddley-wink in that silvery aeroplane. But even Mother seemed a bit fagged now. George looked at her across the carriage.

How wonderful she was; how perfectly splendid she had been all along. Risen to the occasion? My dear fellow, that simply wasn't the word for it. If you'd seen her sailing into that really quite Bohemian little café in Paris—everyone was there, too, and as arty as you like—sailing in and drinking funny French drinks—byrrh and mandarin curaçoa and pretty yellow and green liqueurs that he knew she had always longed to taste when she got right away like this somewhere on her own—as cool as you pleased—the dear little woman. . . Or again, in Venice. Perhaps that was braver still. That really showed what she was made of.

The town was on fire with black shirts at the time. All night long the infernal noise of their street brawls and tattoos floated up to the windows of their pension on the Grand Canal. Sounds in Venice are as clear as water, you know, just as if there was no air at all; so that with them and the church bells you could hardly get a wink. Well, they had ventured into a café right next door to—can you imagine it?—the Bridge of Sighs itself! Music, strange drinks, simply a blaze of lights, oh yes, *distinctly* Continental. At once they both thought how dear Aunt Polly, who called the pepper "peppre" at her far-away dinner parties, would have loved it all—or wouldn't she, perhaps not. . . Well, anyway, in they had blown off the dark piazza and ordered coffee at a table not too near the door, when suddenly everybody jumped to their feet and started singing like mad—everybody except one poor young fellow who was sitting quite alone. And what do you think happened to him? He was struck on the head, simply felled with a bottle right at their very feet. Mother? Afraid? Good Lord no! She was up in a trice like any Venetian lady—not quite in costume perhaps, but what with her striped Milan silk scarf and her dear little mosaic brooch from the Rialto, getting on, getting along—and pretending magnificently that she knew "Giovanezza! Giovanezza!" as well as—well, "God Save the King," anyway.

And as for seeing things! Why, look at her now! For nearly fourteen days she had been just like that, simply drinking it in. Oh dear no, not just drowsing in the corner against the heavy lace antimacassars but standing, mind you, out there in the passageway with her hands glued round the shiny brass railing that crossed the big square train windows, simply drinking it in. You could understand it at first in France, of course, or even in Switzerland, but here, ten days later, in a country full of nothing but blessed vineyards—mile after mile of them loop looping their yellow coils among the dark naked branches of the cherries. . . Didn't it seem a bit—a bit . . .

But wait a minute. Something was happening—wasn't it? Quite suddenly the vineyards seemed to end and the far hills, some with card-house monasteries stuck right on the very tops of them, like birds, yawned open, the train swerved round to the right and into sight, there, straight opposite you, as if it had all been specially arranged, stood the ash-grey mound of Vesuvius. It seemed to round off everything in such a beautiful way, yet strangely enough Mother didn't show the least excitement about it all. She didn't even point and say, "There it is! George, there it

is!" like the old woman they had a regular joke about, who had waited days and days in Kaponga just for that flashing glimpse of Mount Egmont when the winter sun made a small hole in the clouds directly opposite her bedroom window. Now, for some reason, Mother seemed to get quite tired all at once, and came and sat down inside the carriage and put her head down sideways on the grey cushions as if even she, at last, were very, oh so very, very sleepy. . . .

* * *

"It's not so very swell after all," came a familiar voice in a whisper through the bedroom door, "and you can't see Vesuvius a bit!" So mother had been out already, folding open the shutters, folding them back—weren't they just like the doors of a meat-safe?—so that she could see the Bay first, tripping across the purple carpet to the balustrading, and looking down into the well of the hotel dining-room. There was hardly a soul about below there, except a few waiters slipping through the thin grey air.

She was in her brown costume, the one that Aunt Ethel had said "was a nice colour," and there was that wicked tell-tale girlish spring in everything she did that told you she was just a little proud of the fact that Mrs. Wilfred Cape was about to sail down to an Italian breakfast on this splendid autumn morning, in Naples, where none of her sisters, and indeed hardly anyone she knew, had ever been in their lives. It was like that lovely dinner at the Savoy all over again.

"How lovely the Bay is," she said. "There seems to be some sort of an old fort over there," and she pointed straight at the window. "A lot of little ferry boats, too. I asked the girl where they went to when she brought the hot water, but she just grinned, the silly." "*Si prega di non fumare*," said George, and they both laughed just as loud as they could without waking anyone in the next room. That was their joke—their special. "If you please do not smoke"—no, it certainly didn't sound much in English, but you had no idea how effective it was when you had learnt it absolutely by heart from the red lettering in the railway carriages and popped it out irrelevantly like that, during a very very serious conversation. . . . It was huge, immense!

"But I don't believe I've said 'Good morning!' Have I? Anyway it won't matter if we say it twice—to-day." And she put her arm round his shoulder just as she had done on that last grey morning in his poky rooms in Chelsea—his "house" she called it—the morning after they had taken an early 'bus up to Covent Garden to see the chrysanthemums, piles and piles of them, in the first chill flush of the October morning, and kissed him as tenderly as if he were a little boy again.

"Oh, those must be the Capri boats. We might go there, perhaps. Yes, we'll go over after breakfast," she said, "and ask what time they leave." And down the carpeted curving staircase they swept to coffee and rolls.

* * *

But they did not go to Capri, and strange to say they did not go up to Vesuvius. They just went to Pompeii and found, as everyone had said, that it would take the best part of a week to see everything even there. Yet they did pretty well, or rather, yes. They took a guide, of course, and hurried the poor old devil along—he was consumptive or something and seemed to have been a gentleman, mother said—at such a rate that they couldn't possibly have missed much. Not even . . . But George was a young man now, of course, and hated anything like that. And then, as there was nothing like a tram for seeing a place they took one and climbed away up over the roof of the town, miles and miles it seemed, to where they could really see Naples and . . .

No, it would be foolish to say that now, out of place, entirely. Mother was leaning over the stone wall,

leaning her pale face in her hands and simply watching the sea. Blue? My dear man, blue was not the name for it. It was as blue as your hat—and so still that it looked like stone; and there was so much of it that it seemed to have pushed the houses up into wrinkle after wrinkle of grey sand against the cliffs at your very feet. That big blue petrified fish over there was? oh, of course, Capri . . . But no, no—mother looked this way and that—not a ship anywhere—yet. The sea looked as safe as safe, so safe that she almost felt inclined to smile and talk quite naturally about, oh, the colour of the sky, seagulls, anything.

But already the sunset was beginning. They must be getting back, George said, and as they turned away arm in arm, the tall evening primroses fluttered open their crinkled fans in a waste patch beside the steps that led down, down, to the darkening town.

* * *

Swinging along . . . swinging along. So the sea had deceived her after all. She might have known it would. Faith, faith, that was what she lacked. If she had only been able to hold on while George went away into the other room to write that note to his father. That was when she first knew that the calm blue sea had deceived her. That was when everything in the room all of a sudden went harsh and hard and brassy—the light, the coffee cups, the waiters moving against the purple night with its flying windy lights outside and those spiny palms sweeping, sweeping over the straight stone path from the front door to the street. But how stupid she was, how weak, not herself a bit. She drew herself together. Yes, it was quite all right. George was beside her as always, not talking much, perhaps a little less than usual; the driver rocked and rolled; round a corner they went, over a long cobbled road. Then round another corner; was it wood they were driving over now? Here they were, George was saying, here they were. He was actually getting out. . . .

"No thank you. I can manage. No thank you. Come along mother." And then—" *Si prega di non* " . . . The dear boy! Whatever made him think of it? It was so funny that she simply had to laugh again. The low wharf was so crowded with dark huddled figures that mother, standing there beside her luggage waiting for the boat to take them off to the steamer, felt that the last day had come. The water was very still, so still that you could only tell it was water where, near a light, it looked like velvet rubbed up the wrong way. Across it, old Vesuvius sullenly burned away.

"Addio Napoli! Addio!" It was the peasants leaving. Over their dark shoulders they cast their last farewells at the brazen city, stepped, some without even hats on their heads, into the low boats, and slipped out into the waiting dark. It would be their turn soon. How gigantic the steamer looked as they swung round to the gangway that hung down the side to the level of the water—like some great sea monster, mother thought.

"Do you see anyone yet?" she asked. "I expect they think we've been captured by the Fascisti." Nearer . . . nearer. Someone was actually handing up baskets of fruit from the sea. Someone was saying, "Why ever don't they let the saloon passengers on first. I think it's scandalous. Simply scandalous." "There they are," cried George, "right at the very top of the gangway. See them there—no, this way more. Father, and Owen together." And they both waved and waved.

* * *

It was getting near time, now, very near. Everyone seemed aboard and settling down, "and besides," George said in as casual a way as possible, "besides, there's a train leaving for Rome at about eleven. If I get on that I'll be in Paris on Friday and home on

Saturday morning. No I won't stop anywhere. So perhaps . . . I'd better . . ."

Was that all he said? Was that all he did? Surely not! Well, you know what these family farewells are. There was nothing more to be said, or done. But he did look over his shoulder *once* at the top of the gangway—could it have been *them* he saw?—and dashed two steps at a time down into one of the small boats. Didn't he wave? My God, yes! wave? He took out his yellow silk handkerchief—the one she had bought him in Venice—the moment he got back to the wharf and waved and waved until even the ship seemed to frown and say: "Run away back to the life you have wanted, my son. Be independent, be anything you jolly well want, only run away and be done with it, be done with it!" He even stood up backwards in that rattly old shandrydan which drove him back to the station and kept on waving to the trees, to the buildings, to the night, until someone on the pavement called out to him. Then he sank back into the seat of the carriage, muttering, "She's gone. . . New Zealand. . . She's gone. . . Gone," as the old 'bus rattled through those cruel indifferent streets.

And was that all? Surely it must be. No—but very nearly all. The *cocher* bled him terribly at the station, and soon after he had left Naples for London, rather a queer thing happened. There were only some Italian soldiers in grey-blue uniforms sleeping in the carriage—it was a smoker too, so it really didn't matter—but an hour or two after he had left Naples George woke up with a fearful fright and cried—it seems almost too childish for words—and cried, "Are you all right, Mother? Are you all right?"

But of course no one took the least notice of the boy. There was a cold fuggy mist all over the windows, and the soldiers were sprawled about uncomfortably, fast asleep. Outside the night was as thick as a hedge, and it pressed so close against everything that it seemed to be weaving a dark, dark cobweb over the memory of the world.

Letters to the Editor

¶ The Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW welcomes the free expression in these columns of genuine opinion on matters of public interest, although he disclaims responsibility alike for the opinions themselves and the manner of their expression.

¶ Letters which are of reasonable brevity, and are signed with the writer's name, are more likely to be published than long and anonymous communications.

¶ Letters on topical subjects, intended for publication the same week, should reach us by the first post on Wednesday.

THE PROBLEM OF STRIKES

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—May I, as a member of that large section of the public which ordinarily has no connexion with strikes but to suffer from them and to pay ultimately for all the losses incurred by them, venture to put forward some thoughts which have suggested themselves to me in the last few years concerning a possible remedy for our position—unfortunate toads under the harrow? The magnitude of some recent strikes, the intense and widespread inconvenience and even suffering they have caused, make some solution of the problem of strikes incumbent on public men.

It seems to me that we shall soon have to insist on a distinction being made between public services and private ones. We already refuse to allow our sailors and soldiers and police to strike, and coupled with that we acknowledge the responsibility of making tolerable the conditions of life for the members of these services. Cannot this principle be carried further in public affairs? Is not, for example, the Underground Railway service of London almost as essential to our daily life as a commercial city as the Army? What prevents the country from making it as impossible for railwaymen to strike as for postmen or policemen, provided that, at the same time, a machinery for the removal of just grievances is provided? Is it not time that the anti-

quoted system of industrial warfare, in which workmen chance their starvation on one side against the ruin of their employers on the other, was abolished in favour of some sensible scheme of mutual conciliation? Would not our present Labour Government be better employed on some scheme of this kind than on their present futile fumbblings after Socialism?

I am, etc.,

ROBERT REYNOLDS

[We regard the suggestion of our correspondent as deserving of close attention. It is nearly certain that force of circumstances will eventually compel the adoption of some such plan as he suggests.—Ed. S.R.]

THE POSITION OF WOMEN IN MEDICINE

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—An article which appeared in your issue of May 31 is, I think, particularly interesting at the present time, when the influence of educated and able women is almost essential for the amelioration of suffering and disease among women and children of the poorer classes, as being an all too isolated instance of a dispassionate and reasonable statement of the effect of the woman doctor on the health of the community.

The prejudice incidental to all increase in feminine invasion of the professions is a factor which cannot yet be, although in time it may come to be, disregarded; but I believe it is an undisputed fact that women once started on a career of scientific philanthropy are apt to probe deeper into, and therefore work harder to combat, the radical cause of the ills which beset the health of the nation. Women admittedly are better equipped for investigation and amelioration of women's troubles. Is it not, therefore, the duty of the community at large to encourage and stimulate the entrance of women into the field of medicine, and to persuade those already so engaged to turn their experience and energy particularly into that branch of it which is concerned with the welfare of women and children?

I am, etc.,

Russell Square, W.C.1 "A WOMAN GRADUATE"

WHAT IS WRONG WITH WEMBLEY?

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—I would like to draw your attention to what appears to me a very serious defect in the arrangements for popular enjoyment at the British Empire Exhibition at Wembley. Why should there descend upon the pleasure-seeker, the information-hunter, or the merely vacuous time-filler, a cloak of depression as the hour of 9.30 approaches? Up to that time all goes well and merrily at Wembley; but the moment your pilgrim to the Exhibition begins to feel worked up, and to realize that he is enjoying himself, the inside lights begin to fade, the stalls and shows one by one close down and vanish, and that desolate "left behind" sensation damps the lightest heart and partially quenches enjoyment. The very cloakroom attendant tells you that you must reclaim your coat by ten o'clock, although, in fact, he may not close down or depart before eleven o'clock. The official closing time, of course, is eleven o'clock, but the Palaces of Industry and Engineering are deserts of dust sheets long before this hour.

Now it seems to me, Sir, that both the young and the old who would visit Wembley of an evening could throw far more enthusiasm (and where so potent an inducement to prodigality as enthusiasm?) into their progress if they were assured of a full evening's entertainment, instead of, as now, having hard upon their heels from a very early hour the shadow of a dark and soon to be deserted city. Cannot something be done to wake the place up, and to keep it scintillating at least until the first stroke of 11 p.m.?

I am, etc.,

Cheyne Walk, S.W.3

WILLIAM WOODGOOD



DRAMATIS PERSONÆ. No. 102

SIR PATRICK HASTINGS, K.C., M.P.
THE ATTORNEY-GENERAL

By 'QUIZ'

DYES AND THE "DEATH RAY"

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—The realities of office have compelled the most determined of our Ministerial pacifists to consent to the effort to retain for our own future needs the Grindell-Matthews ray which, it is claimed, may entirely revolutionize air warfare. Does it not now behove every patriot to see to it that the Government are strengthened to resist a second impending threat to the supremacy of our country?

I refer to the hints that new trading arrangements between British dyemakers and their German rivals may be seized upon as a pretext to imperil a vital source of our supplies in time of war. The dyestuffs plant which is one of our heritages from the late war, contributed to our resources during those hazardous years thousands of tons of lyddite and T.N.T., not to mention mustard gas, dyes for signals, and detonator material.

On behalf of the dyemakers, Brigadier-General Sir William Alexander, M.P., has already made it abundantly clear that, as far as they are concerned, the closest regard is to be paid to keeping our dyestuffs plant up-to-date and in thorough order for the emergency of war. May we hope that no muddleheaded Utopianism on the part of legislators, however well-meaning, will be suffered to disturb that design?

I am, etc.,

F. P. CROZIER,
Brig.-General

12 Gloucester Square, W.2

IS "RODEO" CRUEL?

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—May I trespass upon your valuable space to express the hope that your readers will use their influence to prevent the performance of the Rodeos at the British Empire Exhibition? I write this protest because I think that everyone who has pictured to himself what this Rodeo entails will recoil from so much unnecessary suffering for most of the animals concerned.

That the roping and casting of steers is necessary in the prairies of Canada and America I have no doubt; but they are there in a wide expanse of open country, in a more or less savage condition, and one imagines that the operation is soon over, and conducted entirely without the terror of previous captivity and strange environment, and for a purpose, not as a spectacle.

Is it humane, Sir, let alone Christian, to allow without a murmur of protest these cowboys, from whose personal courage and skill I would not for one moment detract, to show off their prowess at so great a cost of misery and endurance on the part of the wretched cattle?

I am, etc.,

Westminster

ADRIAN CALDECOTT

SPANISH SHAWLS

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—I read with interest the article on 'Common-sense about Spanish Shawls,' by Mr. Gerald Kelly, published in the issue of the SATURDAY REVIEW for March 1, and I am at a loss to understand where the writer got his information that Spanish shawls are manufactured in Manila or in the Philippine Islands. So far as I can discover, there is nothing whatever to support the statement that they are manufactured here or have ever been manufactured here. They are made in China, principally in Canton.

Mr. Kelly said: "Spanish shawls were made in Manila by Chinese workmen and shipped to certain wholesale houses in Cadiz, Puerto Santa Maria, and Seville, and distributed by them to the Spanish market." This is quite incorrect. I have made inquiry and can find no one who ever heard of a Spanish

shawl being made in the Philippine Islands. The women here make very fine embroidery such as night-gowns, table cloths and other fine needle work on white goods, but they know very little about silk embroidery.

I am, etc.,

Manila, P.I.

JOS. N. WOLFSON

THE RECOVERY OF CRICKET

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—In deprecating contemporary cricket, as expressed in its batting achievements, W. H. J. (in your issue of May 3) seems to lose sight of the very essence of the game. To ask "What is the use of staying in half-an-hour for one run?" is to suggest the rather cheap opinion that a batsman's chief object is to make as many runs as possible within a certain space of time. Such an idea may exemplify the notions of an unimaginative, if enthusiastic, audience at Lord's or the Oval, but it is not *cricket*. Circumstances exist—as, no doubt, W. H. J. would admit—wherein an innings of "poking" is simply advisable, but there are other circumstances in which the so-called "poking" batsman achieves great cricket-art. Sometimes it is as difficult—and very often far more artistic, not to say athletic—for a man to make ten in an hour as a hundred. To intimate that the careful slow batsman provides a dull spectacle is to assert that cricket is on a par with rounders and also entirely to misunderstand the game. The true cricket lover gathers as much enjoyment in watching a batsman with a rhythmic disregard for mere run-getting as in watching a "slogger." Perhaps W. H. J. will contend that the ordinary cricket audience does not appreciate such a type of play. I reply that they must be educated to do so, rather than that cricketers themselves should be trained to play to the gallery. The true value of a big boundary shot is entirely lost if it is not backed by style. A poetic "duck" is preferable to a prosaic "century." Of such is *cricket*.

I am, etc.,

Westminster

EGERTON CLARKE

FORTHCOMING EVENTS

* The following list contains some of the more important events of the week beginning Saturday, June 7.

THEATRES

KINGSWAY THEATRE (Great Queen Street, W.C.2). 'Yoicks,' a revue, by various authors. Saturday, June 7, and subsequently.

A. D. C. THEATRE, CAMBRIDGE. 'Henry IV,' by Luigi Pirandello. Acted by the A. D. C. Saturday, June 7.

COMEDY THEATRE (Panton Street, S.W.). A Grand Guignol programme. Tuesday, June 10, and subsequently.

NEW OXFORD THEATRE (Oxford Street, W.1). The Old Vic. Shakespeare Company. Monday, June 9, and subsequently.

PRINCE OF WALES' THEATRE (Coventry Street, W.1). 'The Rat,' by David L'Estrange. Monday, June 9, and subsequently.

EXHIBITIONS

ALPINE CLUB GALLERY (Mill Street, Conduit Street, W.). Paintings by Stanley A. Grimm, Alexander Gerhardt, Sir Timothy Eden Bart., William M. Milner. Thursday, June 5, and subsequently.

ST. GEORGE'S GALLERY (32a George Street, Hanover Square, W.1). Paintings and Drawings by Sydney H. Sime. Thursday, June 5, and until June 25.

MUSIC

ROYAL OPERA (Covent Garden, W.C.2). Season of Italian Opera: 'Madame Butterfly' (Madeline Kiltie and Joseph Hislop). Monday, June 9, at 8.30 p.m. 'Tosca' (Edvina). Tuesday, June 10, at 8.30 p.m.

HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE (Haymarket, S.W.1). British National Opera Company, 'Tannhauser' (Paris version). Saturday, June 7, at 8 p.m. 'Tales of Hoffmann,' produced by Nigel Playfair. Thursday, June 12, at 8.15 p.m.

ÆOLIAN HALL (New Bond Street, W.1). Dmitri Smirnov and Leo Tecktonius. Song and Pianoforte Recital. Wednesday, June 11, at 8.15 p.m.

WIGMORE HALL (Wigmore Street, W.1). Myra Hess and Lionel Tertis. Sonatas for Pianoforte and Viola. Thursday, June 12, at 5.30 p.m. William Primrose. Violin Recital. Thursday, June 12, at 8.15 p.m.

Reviews

POETS AND MYSTICS

English Portraits and Essays. By John Freeman. Hodder and Stoughton. 7s. 6d. net.

George MacDonald and His Wife. By Greville MacDonald. Allen and Unwin. 21s. net.

THE task and delight of criticism, for Mr. Freeman, is the discovery of personality. These eight studies of poets, in the wide sense of the word, are portraits, and portraits in miniature furnish out the one essay in the book. And reasonably enough, if the critic is to be in any way a creative artist. The characters depicted by dramatists, novelists, critics, and even subjective lyrical poets, are alive, or naught. Mr. Freeman is dexterous and delicate in analysis and synthesis. He does not rest until he has reached a creditable unity amid all contradictions. Thus he begins his William Cobbett by taking an imaginary ride with him, as also with Mr. Chesterton, conceived as fitly journeying with Chaucer's medieval folk to Canterbury. In the result we have Cobbett rightfully in his line of the Ben Jonsons, Drydens, and Landors, robust and over-robust in whimsies and prejudices, John Bull each of them in his way, and a porcupine to handle. But Mr. Chesterton, the pilgrim and crusader—and prophet of the past, one might add in a French phrase—still offers perplexity by very reason of the "strange disorder of his gifts." This "most garrulous and expansive of authors" says, after all, nothing about himself. Whereupon Mr. Freeman implores him to write an autobiography that so, at last, exchanging opinion for idea and logomachy for intuition, he may overcome his own confusion and ours. But then, has he the speculative mind? And he asks the same question about Mr. Edmund Gosse. All thanks are due to Mr. Gosse for his historical criticism and his character studies of illustrious friends. But he avoids speculation, does not grip literature and life together, comments rather than interprets, persists in not continuing his autobiography. Perhaps one might answer that Mr. Gosse is content with modesty, with taste and tact and the broad literary tradition. And, oddly enough, in the case of Robert Louis Stevenson, all personality, one could maintain, and superior to his work, Mr. Freeman chooses to dwell not upon the man, but upon the artist, technically experimenting and more or less failing. And did the moralist in Stevenson, he further asks, hamper the artist? But surely we cease to be British unless we are moral, religious, and as much artists as may be. And Mr. Freeman is not for impoverishing art by avoiding morals. Witness his portrait of Mr. Compton Mackenzie. It is the 'Song of the Plow' again that he selects from Maurice Hewlett's work, as raising him by its profound sincerity to a level not otherwise reached by him. And Mr. Freeman uses his best skill and most careful meditation for the portraits of Coventry Patmore and Mr. Walter de la Mare, mystics both. Indeed, Mr. Freeman casts a wistful eye towards that philosophic criticism which, in his fear, is neglected or impossible in England. But, in philosophic criticism, are not the other elements of history æsthetics and psychology presupposed; and is not Mr. Freeman busied throughout his excellent book with the relations, so rarely harmonious, of imagination and reason?

It is an easy transition from Mr. Freeman's Coventry Patmore to the life and letters of George MacDonald. Transcending their Victorian times, both make their appeal to the increasing number of mystics among us. If the one holds carefully aloof, delicately obscure, the other breathes all benevolence, and is essentially simple. Each, in short, and to use the mystical phrase, became what he was. Here is no room for exposition; it must suffice to say that MacDonald conceived the two worlds as measurelessly wide apart and yet

strangely one. Concrete Beauty and abstract Truth go together. We are mirrors of the universe. The soul of man is the world turned outside in. Vision is vision. Faith and reason and doubt are loving and inseparable sisters for all their show of contention. Argument indeed, logic and demonstration, are not of their company. We live and verify. Already here and now we may dwell in some sort of intermission and happy glimpse where Love, Creative Imagination, and Law abide. It is not to be supposed that MacDonald was the technical and scholastic mystic. He was clear against subscribing to any system of other men or of his own. And again, the mystic and therefore the lover of liberty, he passes beyond the sects, while still remaining Christian and orthodox. The affectionate and sympathetic character of the man stands out in this ample biography written by his son. He radiates outward from his family to universality. In himself and his backward line the highest features of the Scotsman are manifest. His wife, one with him, and different, compels our respect. A "mother-bird" to husband and offspring, she draws perpetually from a fount of youth and energy, resilient and able to face the rebellious odds that beset her. As for MacDonald's work, it was in the order of things that it should suffer temporary eclipse before his death and since. Nowadays, and recalled by this centenary year of his birth, his 'Phantastes' and 'Lilith' should meet with larger acceptance. His tales of fairy for children are surely in season at any time. The novels—it is easy and too easy to say that one is apt to like them thoroughly, or dislike. The plots are no great matter, and the stressful ratiocination is Victorian. But there is much excellent figure-drawing, humour, and a treasury of "celestial" wit and wisdom, to be found in them. While the poetry, uneven in quality, perhaps only requires severe selection to win approval.

GREEK VIEWS OF STYLE

Greek Literary Criticism. By J. D. Denniston. Dent. 5s. net.

THE best of the Greeks were busy writing about life and inquiring into its origins. They had not reached the stage of writing about writing, which is literary criticism. So the first Greek critics of style in a treatise come a long time after the period in which Greek literature gave the world a series of masterpieces. The criticism of Aristophanes in the 'Frogs' is a brilliant exception, and this concerns the three tragedians, who were confined in a peculiar and traditional form of drama, and had to advance slowly to naturalness. Aristotle's famous definition of tragedy is still quoted and used, but its sense is disputed, and lovers of literary masterpieces may wish that he had spent on them some of the time he devoted to science. Longinus, who discovered even the merits of Moses as a stylist, though he misquoted Genesis, is a really fine critic, but he is too late in date to be commonly read. Prof. Rhys Roberts has translated him and the similar Dionysius and Demetrius with remarkable skill, and Mr. Denniston is fortunate in being able to use such versions. He also has Prof. Murray's lively rendering of half of the 'Frogs,' and first-rate versions of Plato and Aristotle. The æsthetic philosophy of Plato finds a place here not unreasonably, though the Greek fondness for moralizing may seem rather oppressive to-day. It led Plutarch in later times to an absurd depreciation of Aristophanes. The Athenians have been placed by Galton as far above us as we are above the African negro, and it is notable that they had already begun to investigate the secret of good prose, though rather as a persuasive implement in actual life than as a source of independent beauty in literary work. Mr. Denniston's judicious introduction tells us of the sophists and rhetoricians who were practical teachers of style. It is not much loss that we have little more than the titles of their writings.

Generally the Greeks were free from the exaggerations of style and distortions of language which the development of the novel, an unusually loose form of art, has encouraged in modern literature. As various sections here show, they strongly objected to anything like bombast or tawdry language, a thing contrary to their favourite idea of self-control. Much of the matter which makes the fortune of an up-to-date newspaper and leads it to risk breaking the law, they dismissed as disgusting. They did not reach the full "appreciations" of writers common to-day, and we have to wait till the time of Martial for a remark about the "best seller":

Some say that I am not a poet;
I am: the booksellers all know it.

The Alexandrian school were great on form and matter, and little concerned with spirit, and this is an attitude bound to prevail in criticism. It is always comforting to give beauty a learned name, because it seems like an explanation of it. But what advanced psychologist can tell us where poetry begins, and verse ends, and why?

Mr. Denniston says frankly in his preface that:

the whole side of Greek criticism which deals with the technical minutiae of language had to be omitted because its appreciation depends on a knowledge of Greek.

This is a pity, but he has made a good survey of the pertinent material, with one exception. He does not say a word about the Greek Anthology. Yet it includes among the epitaphs critical judgments which are valued to-day. Meleager's poem to his garland is perhaps a little fanciful, but it contains, for a leading critic and translator, "in single words and phrases many exquisite criticisms." The description of Sappho might at least have been quoted in a footnote where she is referred to.

In the Notes on the 'Frogs,' Verrall's clever application of the chaff of Euripides to Tennyson's 'Idylls of the King' is mentioned as appearing in the 'New Quarterly.' It has long been printed in the posthumous book of 'Literary Essays, Classical and Modern.' Worth notice also is the companion volume of his 'Studies on Greek and Latin Scholarship,' since it has a striking paper on the deficiencies of Longinus when he is discussing 'Periphrasis,' page 184. Verrall argues that Longinus, or the author of the treatise attributed to him, did not perceive that the phrases he objected to were sometimes poetry held in solution, as it were. This is a great and concise source of ornament in prose, since by a word or two the writer can call up the effect of a whole passage. Stevenson often does this in his elaborate prose.

OUR GREATEST GEOLOGIST

A Long Life's Work. By Sir Archibald Geikie. Macmillan. 18s. net.

MODESTY is so admirable, and in the eminent men of to-day so scarce a quality that it seems a pity ever to decry it. In an autobiographer, however, it may possibly be carried to an excess. This is the only fault in Sir Archibald Geikie's account of his long and honoured career. A reader who knew nothing about him from extraneous sources would rub his eyes when, at the end of the first hundred pages, he discovered that the blue ribbon of science—the fellowship of the Royal Society—had been spontaneously conferred on this quiet and diligent young member of the Geological Survey at the unusually early age of thirty. Luckily it would be difficult to find any such reader.

Sir Archibald Geikie's name is written across the geological map of England as indelibly as that of Sir Christopher Wren on the dome of St. Paul's. Since the death of Lord Kelvin, he has enjoyed probably a wider international reputation than any other British man of science. No geologist in the last hundred years has done more to elucidate the methods by which the scenery and surface of the earth have been moulded

into their present form, and to diffuse an exact yet popular comprehension of the fascinating science to whose service he vowed his life more than seventy years ago. The work has been so thoroughly done that we have practically forgotten that it ever needed to be done, or that, as late as the middle of the nineteenth century, the geological world was still divided by an internecine and often unduly bitter warfare between the catastrophists and the uniformitarians. Sir Archibald Geikie's greatest achievement is to have shown convincingly that the agents which have moulded the landscapes among which we live are simply those which are to be seen at work any day—mainly the rain that drops from heaven, and the other skiey influences. He has proved the fact which his favourite Ovid guessed with the intuition of genius:

Quodque fuit campus, vallem decursus aquarum
Fecit, et eluvie mons est deductus in aequor.

The most interesting part of this volume is the detailed description of the author's work in the Geological Survey, which he entered in 1855 at the age of twenty, and from which he retired in 1901 after having presided over its important duties for the last twenty years. It is characteristic of the attitude of the British Government towards science throughout the nineteenth century that the Treasury was constantly urging the Survey to "get on with the mapping," under the impression that it was a temporary branch of the public service, which might very well cease to be a charge on public funds as soon as the whole of the ground had been once covered. It was only strong pressure from the mining community which persuaded the Treasury to consent to a fresh survey of Cornwall and South Wales on the six-inch scale—the original survey having been only done on the scale of one inch to the mile. Sir Archibald Geikie also gives some interesting particulars of his work at the Royal Society, of which he was successively Foreign Secretary, General Secretary, and President, and many readable anecdotes of eminent men of science, British and Foreign. The lucid and charming style which aided him to popularize the teaching of geology is still conspicuous in this modest narrative of a long life spent in single-minded devotion to the advancement of human knowledge.

NEW LIGHT ON SURTEES

Robert Smith Surtees. By Himself and E. D. Cuming. Blackwood. 15s. net.

THE obscurity surrounding the life and personality of Surtees is not entirely cleared away by this book. It is in two parts, the first a collection of hitherto unpublished MSS., mainly in the form of a diary, the second a summary by Mr. Cuming of such facts as he has been able to trace in the life of Surtees. It is owing only to an inherent reserve and reticence on the part of Surtees himself and to no incompetence or lack of industry on that of his biographer that we have not even now a complete picture of the creator of Jorrocks.

Surtees was educated at Ovingham, a village some seven miles from his home, Hamsterley Hall, a typical Northumbrian property near Newcastle-on-Tyne, and afterwards at Durham Grammar School. He made his first journey to London, in the old "Highflyer" coach, in 1825, which entailed departure from Hamsterley between five and six in the morning, in order to arrive at Newcastle, the starting place, at eight o'clock. "By a persevering, steady grind," he says, "continued throughout all that day, all that night, and all the following day, we reached the dismal White Horse in Fetter Lane at eight that night. The fare was £6 inside, and it was considered very fair travelling." He writes fully of life and fashion at Brighton in 1829. It was the custom to hunt with the Brookside Harriers, the South Down Foxhounds and various other packs, some of which Surtees describes as "promiscuous in their venery"! In the same year he relates how, on his return from a visit to Paris, he stopped at

the "gay town of Boulogne." Here a gentleman, by name Sackville Cresswell, kept a pack of dwarf fox-hounds, drafted from Sir Henry Oxenden's kennel in Kent. This pack, we are told, was to meet on August 13, "by no means the first day of the season with Mr. Cresswell's hounds." The unfortunate man, however, was arrested at the last moment, and imprisoned for debt. Surtees and a Colonel Charitté took over the hounds, and as nobody knew one hound from another, they were obliged to take them in detachments of five couple to the gaol to be identified.

It was in 1829 that Surtees made his first literary venture in the form of a semi-sporting novel. Laughed to scorn by his friends, he destroyed it when two-thirds finished. He still believed, however, in his gift for wielding the pen, and submitted some hunting sketches to the *Sporting Magazine*. These were accepted, partly no doubt because that journal was at variance with its hunting correspondent "Nimrod," and Surtees's journalistic career was launched. His association with the *New Sporting Magazine*, which, in partnership with Rudolph Ackerman, he founded and edited, was a long standing one, and this was the medium which first introduced "Mr. Jorrocks" to the world. Surtees published his first book, 'The Horseman's Manual,' at the same time as the *New Sporting Magazine's* first number appeared; it was a treatise of practical information for horse owners, and was dedicated to a man who stood in that age as a type of the very best English sportsman, and one to whom Surtees was particularly devoted—Ralph Lambton. In 1843 'Handley Cross' was published in book form, but it was not until the appearance of 'Mr. Sponge's Sporting Tour,' ten years later, that Surtees became a popular writer.

Surtees was continually asked to represent north country boroughs in Parliament, and although we are told that he once stood for Gateshead in the Conservative interest he was not elected, and he never stood again, although he continued to give the Tory Party his interest and support. Mention, at some length, is made in this book of an essay on the county of Durham, found among other papers at Hamsterley, in which he deals very fully with agricultural questions. It contains also a long account of Ralph Lambton and his hounds, of which Surtees was a constant follower. It is interesting to read that this pack, when the master sustained a bad fall which enforced his giving up his hounds, passed into Lord Suffield's hands, who took them into Leicestershire, where they acquitted themselves extremely badly. One is glad to be able to say, however, that they were later reimported to their native Durham, where they "quickly recovered their character, and for three successive seasons showed uncommon sport." It is impossible here to allude to the many incidents pertinent to hunting. It was, of course, the dominant interest in Surtees's life. Of his literary interests there is much that is new; correspondence with Thackeray of a cordial, not to say affectionate, nature; friendship with Leech, his illustrator; and acquaintance with many celebrities. It is not generally known that Surtees was responsible for the existence of the *Field*, the birth of which took place in January, 1853. He acted as principal correspondent in the hunting field—taking at the paper's expense, as he had previously done for the *New Sporting Magazine*, hunting tours with various packs—and also as "Editor-in-reserve."

In short, this is the record of a man of strong character, kindly nature, and keen perceptions. His heart was in the sport of which he was so fine a component, and he drew exhaustively upon his own experience in his novels. Recognition of his gifts did not come immediately, and it is probable that he was never aware of the great name his works eventually earned for him. Mr. Cuming has arranged his material in a most readable and entertaining manner, and the book is one which cannot fail to appeal to all who have appreciated Surtees's work.

The Magazines

The *Fortnightly* for June opens with a fine paper on 'Elconora Duse,' by Mr. Maurice Baring, followed by a further section of the account by Mr. Henderson of a talk with Mr. Bernard Shaw. As well as Joan of Arc and democracy, Mr. Shaw talks of the revival of the English theatre and commends aspiring dramatists to the study of those primitives 'Sweeney Todd' and 'Maria Martin,' if they can find them being played. Mrs. M. L. Woods writes a first-rate article on 'Poetry and the Prosaics.' It is a plea for musical poetry written in verse—an art which the latest moderns seem to have lost. 'The Death of Lenin,' by Mr. M. Artzybasheff, is a study of Lenin considered as a madman. Major Stuart Wortley describes the gradual extinction of the middle class in 'An Impression of Germany, December, 1923.'

In the *National Review* the 'Episodes of the Month' deal with the Socialist government, France and the elections, New York and the Money Market, Mr. Lloyd George, Lord Beaverbrook, and Lawn Tennis. Some articles on Germany show how England is bamboozled. There is a good and understanding paper on 'The Labour Party and the Working Man,' describing the local trade union official, whom Conservatives should try to get hold of. Other good papers are 'How to Know the Birds,' 'The Lawn Tennis Outlook,' by Miss McKane, and the Vice Provost's 'More Eton Memories.'

To the *Adelphi* Mr. Middleton Murry contributes the impressions left by a visit to 'The Well at Cerne' on a bright day last Easter. But really one ought not to undress in public unless one has a fine physique to show. Mr. H. M. Tomlinson has a bewildering 'Singapore Day,' just the day a search for Eastern romance might afford. Neither 'The Contributors' Club' nor 'Mulum in Parvo' is noteworthy. A paper on 'The Scepticism of Stella Benson' is well-intentioned but wrongly directed. 'Living Alone' is by far the most successful of her books and much better than 'The Poor Man,' which badly needed excision.

In *Blackwood* we turn first to 'Youth and the East,' then to Mr. Bland's 'At the Sign of the Laughing Gods,' then to Major Beaman's 'A Sermon in the Abbey,' which is a reminiscence of the effects of Gandhi's teaching in India, provoked by an English view of him. 'Musings without Method' deal with Mr. Lloyd George and Liberalism, the Abbey election and the French elections, and Mr. A. H. Bullen. Mr. Stephen Gwynn writes about 'Montreuil-sur-Mer' without mentioning Sterne or Phil May, both imperishably connected with its memory.

Cornhill gives us 'An Eton Master's Reminiscences,' by Mr. Heygate, the story of the defeat of Islam by Charles Martel in 732, which took place at Chalons, not near the Loire, and Sir R. Baden-Powell on 'Bush Strategy.' An excellent short story by Mr. Horace Hutchinson is 'The Wicket-Keeper Wins,' and there are good papers on 'The Comic Songs of 100 Years Ago' and on 'Sandwich.' Mr. Kitchin's 'Adventures in Printing House Square' bring us to the eve of the purchase by Lord Northcliffe of *The Times*.

Life and Letters contains memories of 'Luke Ionides: le beau Luc,' by Miss Violet Hunt, a notice of 'The Novels of M. André Gide' by Mr. Bickley, a study of Mr. Archibald Marshall by Mr. G. T. Garratt, and a further instalment of Mr. Eden Philpotts's 'Circe's Island.' Verse by Mr. Temple Thurston, Mr. Cecil Roberts, and Mr. Symons.

The *transatlantic review* continues its gay and disconcerting career. Five poems in French are entertaining; Miss Stein's 'The Making of Americans' begins to be boring once you see the formula, the 'Memories' of Luke Ionides refer to Burne Jones, and Mr. D. Chaucer's 'Stocktaking' deals with variorum editions—Tennyson as he may be edited—this month. Mr. Ford's serial is 'Some Do Not,' one of his best novels.

The *Empire Review* publishes 'A Message to the Living' by the Queen of Roumania—a commemoration of the fallen; Mr. Garvin's plea for education, Mr. Fisher's account of some scenes of the early triumphs of Napoleon in Italy, Mr. Locker-Lampson on 'Then and Now,' Sir Clement Kinloch-Cooke on the Earl of Athlone (personal reminiscences), and Mrs. Sandwith in defence of the character of Jo Sedley. A very good number.

The *World To-day* contains an amusing account of the community who are settled at Fontainebleau under Gurdjieff, mainly recruited from the Ouspensky circle in London. Mr. E. V. Knox and Mr. Ravenhill describe Wembley, and the magazine is full of good photographs and sound articles.

The *London Mercury* has two papers of outstanding merit that demand special mention. Mr. J. C. Squire in his 'Grub Street Nights' has an admirable criticism of modern free verse in a story of how a man who wrote "spoof" free verse became the laureate of the Revolution. By the way, when they put up futurist paintings on the walls at Petrograd after the Bolsheviks rising the populace threatened to hang the artists. Mr. Belloc 'On Translation' is at his best, and everyone knows how good that is. Other excellent papers are on 'The Poetry of Herbert Trench' and on 'James Howell'—the whole number being exceptionally good.

New Fiction

By GERALD GOULD

The Rector's Daughter. By F. M. Mayor. The Hogarth Press. 7s. 6d. net.

Grounds for Divorce. By Mary Hardy. Hutchinson. 7s. 6d. net.

Wanderlight. By Ernest Raymond. Cassell. 7s. 6d. net.

THE moral of 'The Rector's Daughter' is that there's life in the old dodge yet. Miss Mayor has taken the subject-matter of all the serials in all the journals suitable for home reading of the last century, and made it live. The scholarly, selfish old rector, blind to the needs and hungers of his plain, unselfish daughter: the neighbouring parson, who loves the plain daughter for her goodness but marries somebody else who is beautiful and then finds that beauty in a wife isn't everything: the wife who is going to run away with a dashing young soldier, but loses her looks through an unfortunate operation at the crucial moment and discovers that it was those looks, and not her spirit's self, that the young soldier wanted to run away with: the apposite recovery of her looks after she has been reconciled to her husband—here they are, and yet how different they seem! Can it be that things really did, and do, happen thus—that the journals suitable for home reading learnt them in the first place from life? For in Miss Mayor's hands they are far more real, far nearer to experience, than all the sly quests and exquisite analyses which pass for realism now. She has the true novelist's divine incommunicable gift: no shadows flit across her pages: she has but to mention someone, give him a phrase to say or even to write, and he puts on solidity and permanence. Canon Jocelyn says: "Sykes tells me there is real danger of political economy taking the place of mathematics at Cambridge. I can only say that will be the end of Cambridge." Does one not see him? A young man writes about a young woman's manuscripts: "I have never known anyone on such intimate terms with toads, and this, coupled with a passion for Mother Julian of Norwich, indicates a mind I want to know more of. It must be arranged that I see her." Does one not see *him*? Mary herself, who loves the parson Herbert who marries the beautiful Kathy, comes to seem almost an intimate friend. The true pathos and sublime of her character and situation are made clear. Her loneliness is pitiful, but never abject. She is loved, and loved by the man whom she loves: she has her hour. Twice he turns aside from her—once, in love for his wife's loveliness, and once in love rekindled by the loss of it: and indeed with Mary he exchanges only one kiss, and that they both regard as desperate sin. But she lives deeply and therefore, though unhappily, well. Nothing could be less like the sentimentality with which her situation is traditionally handled than the fine practical good sense of Miss Mayor's narrative. However, the triumph of the book is Kathy—dear, beautiful, slangy, vulgar, courageous Kathy. I am almost afraid to let myself write about her, she is such a darling. Let me lay it down, simply and austere, that contemporary fiction shows few characters so generously conceived and so precisely drawn.

Miss Hardy and Mr. Raymond may be taken as exponents of the opposite process. If Miss Mayor breathes conviction into conventions, these two seize on large and modish problems and reduce them to lath and plaster. Both of them write in that peculiar over-emphatic fashion which passes for "style." It is a pity, because obviously both of them have talents, and might write tolerably if they would consent not to strain after unattainable effects. Miss Hardy, indeed, says some extremely good things, or makes her characters say them: her heroine writes: "The flesh has

much power, but no authority," which is a wise and delicate distinction. The man whom the heroine marries (he can by no means be called the hero) is thus described:

The difficulty that he found in touching others' lives had created a solitude which he himself could not understand. He was always so sure it was the fault of the others that he never really got on intimate terms with them. He was complacently convinced that he could be interested in their lives, their plans, their ambitions, their fears . . . fears especially, for he was a man full of fear. Seemingly he never met the right people. As to women—up till now, well, he wrote agreeable shadowy romances in which they figured—even a few very select love poems published by a University town bookseller; but he found on intimacy they had proved either without charm or wit, or their appeal to his senses was just too robust.

That is careless in form, but it shows acute observation. Unhappily the level is not sustained. The literary gentleman's egotism degenerates into dangerous insanity, and he is confined in an asylum. We are to suppose that a new divorce law has been passed under which the wife can in these circumstances obtain her freedom. She is in love with somebody else, but she will not get a divorce and marry him because she feels bound by her marriage-vow to the man she does *not* love. Subsequently he returns to her, and in a sense recovers; ultimately, and tactfully, he dies, and the lovers are united. It is impossible to be sure whether one is intended to learn a lesson from this artless tale: I am sure that I have *not* learnt one. Still, the book would be interesting if it were not for the "fine writing" and the badinage. The "fine writing" is anything but fine: the badinage is too dreadful.

That Mr. Raymond means to teach a lesson is almost certain. His hero takes a resolve, in the war, to devote his life after the war to the service of mankind, and in particular, one gathers, to such a spiritual regeneration as shall prevent wars in future; and he judges that only by following and teaching the gospel of Christ can he do anything of the kind effectively. Here is a noble theme; but again the sequel is disappointing. Mr. Raymond has, for dealing with large and sacred subjects, a manner which I can only describe as hearty. It will not do. Then his erring young woman varies her slang by saying: "There's a lot of a yearning saint in the coldest sinner," in spite of which the young man tells her: "I shall always remember you with tenderness." The core of the plot can best be given in some words that occur near the end:

He saw it again: early night, and the shells thudding intermittently fifteen feet above ground; a smell of stale water in the corridor outside, and smoke from the batman's cook-house; and Padre Rudabec, with a dirty white bandage round his head, declaring, "We'll vow to do with the utmost cheerfulness all that we are bidden by the Holy Spirit—or, if you don't like that phrase, all that we are bidden by the noblest inspiration within us." From that seed had sprung Hilary's attempt to be a priest. And at this moment he knew that the "noblest inspiration" bade him turn from it to some other road, since it carried for him the menace of intellectual insolvency and spiritual decay.

His turning costs him the girl he is going to marry. They love each other, but the story ends in renunciations, which apparently give complete satisfaction. Yet the fact is that

when men the fiends do fight,
They conquer not upon such easy terms.

There is nothing to choose, I should add, between the badinage of Mr. Raymond's characters and that of Miss Hardy's. In both, there is an evident intention to relieve the strain of passion by a condescension to the earthier levels. There is also, one can scarcely doubt (and yet again one can scarcely believe it) an intention to amuse. But the low levels will not do, any more than the heights: for humour is as sacred a thing in its way as passion. There is nothing in making bad jokes: everybody does that every day. What hurts is the artificial archness, the conscientious and self-conscious high spirits, of the people in these books. It is the twin-fault of their ranting.

Round the Library Table

ADVERSARIA

FOR seventeen years, day by day, 'The Londoner' has been writing in the *Evening News* a little essay on some topic or other that had for the moment caught his fancy, whether it was borrowing a match, or a grave point of history, or a brilliant sunset. For me, and I am sure for many others, it was the first and sometimes the only part of that newspaper I turned to: it must have widened the outlook and sharpened the vision of thousands of his readers. I have known the author for close on thirty years, and on the first day we met he was, to all seeming, as widely read and as widely interested as he is now. But no one could have suspected the fertility of invention, the staying power which has carried him through so many years, and has made him the marvel and admiration of his fellows. There have been many distinguished writers of *Adversaria* from Mortimer Collins in the old *Press and St. James's Chronicle* down to our own day, when able writers abound, but I have never spoken to one of these who does not acknowledge 'The Londoner' as the master of his craft. *Day In and Day Out* (Cassell, 3s. 6d. net) is only a small selection—some fifty—of these papers, but they will reveal what manner of man the author is, while the preface of Mr. J. C. Squire expresses their merits with practised skill.

I have before me the first numbers of what seems a very ambitious undertaking, *The Wayland-Dietrich Saga*, Nos. 1-3 (A. H. Mayhew, 3s. net), by Miss Katherine M. Buck. It is one with which I have every sympathy, having done something of the same kind myself, though not on so large a scale, and not in verse—quite good verse of its kind I may say. Miss Buck takes as her central motive a rather late saga, which gives the legendary history from the forbears of Wayland Smith to his son and his son's friend Dietrich of Bern. To this she adds, through the mouth of Nornaguest, the story of the conquest of Britain by the Saxons, the tale of Sigurd, and the heroes of the Nibelung Lay. By the time she comes to the end of her pleasant task she will have written something as long as *Sigurd the Volsung*.

Wayland Smith first occurs in the Elder Edda and on the Franks Casket in the British Museum. He is sufficiently barbarous even in these: there is something fundamentally inhuman in him; he does not belong either to the race of man or god, but to the giants who reigned before the gods. Wayland Smith's cave was so called probably because when the Saxons came upon it and asked its name and to whom it was dedicated, they understood the answer as that of the oldest god they knew and called it after Wayland. He has nothing in common with the beneficent smith of Kipling's tale: sword-smiths are usually evil slaves in old stories; they have to be coerced to labour and their swords are charged with malign fate.

Nornaguest, whom Miss Buck brings into her scheme, is a late creation of northern myth, adopted from the legend of Meleager and his mother Althaea. The burning brand on the hearth, which the Fates gave as the measure of Meleager's life and his mother extinguished at once, is replaced by the burning taper and the prophecy of the Norns, but unlike Meleager, Nornaguest kept the unburnt taper in his own posses-

sion till he came to the court of Olaf Tryggvason, and there told his life-story and died. I wish Miss Buck much happiness and success in her undertaking.

It is a pleasure to see once more, after so long a silence, Miss Norgate's name on a title-page, and more especially on that of so important a book as *Richard the Lion Heart* (Macmillan, 16s. net). From her we know what to expect: no "fine writing," no attempt at new theories of her hero's life and actions, but a plain straightforward and trustworthy account of what is known of him, and of the people with whom he came in contact. Almost the only statement in the book to which I should take exception is in the first sentence of the preface, which Miss Norgate quotes from Stubbs.

Richard was the typical hero of medieval romance, and it seems curious that he appears so rarely in fiction. At the moment I only recall his part in 'Ivanhoe,' and in the 'Talisman,' where he shares the honours with Saladin, and in Maurice Hewlett's novel. He lives in Eastern folk-lore, in Cyprus, on the Adriatic shores; but if his life had not been cut short at the castle of Chalus, he might have anticipated the victories of the Hundred Years War, or gone down to posterity as a new Alexander, conqueror of the East. Almost anything might have happened to Richard with the wealth and force of England and France behind him.

The statement to which I object is that "the significance of Richard [is] not in his Crusade or in his weary wars along the Norman border, but in his lavish recognition of municipal life." I had the curiosity to turn up Mr. Ballard's 'English Borough Charters' and see the facts. Apart from the confirmations of pre-existing charters, which in that time were sought as a matter of course on each new accession to the throne, confirmations which in no case added anything of importance to municipal recognition, Richard's charters to boroughs are fewer in number than those of any other monarch, and it is very rare indeed to find any substantial addition to their privileges. I imagine the chroniclers' stories of his raising money by selling privileges must be apocryphal, like his statement that he would sell England if he could find a purchaser.

I have often wondered what Dumas would have made of Marat's career in England if he had known of it. Certainly the scene with Rousseau at the crush after Louis XVI's Coronation would have been different. Mr. S. L. Phipson has gathered together, as a result of a long correspondence in *Notes and Queries*, all that can be known and guessed of the career before the Revolution of *Jean Paul Marat* (Methuen, 7s. 6d. net). It is a valuable contribution to our knowledge of the man and the times. I should like, too, to call attention to the publication in book form of *Great Meadow* (Oxford: Blackwell, 4s. 6d. net), lively and truthful sketches of village life by Miss Helen Hamilton, some of which have appeared in our columns. Readers interested in pseudo-mysticism will like to know of *The Mystery of Joan of Arc* (Murray, 7s. 6d. net) by M. Léon Denis, translated by Sir A. Conan Doyle. It is all very well, but how did Joan hear from a saint who never existed—St. Katharine of Alexandria?

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For the Acrostic Competition there is a weekly prize:—A Book (selected by the competitor) reviewed in that issue of the SATURDAY REVIEW in which the problem was set.

RULES.

1. The price of the book chosen must not exceed a guinea, it must be named by the solver when he sends his solution, and be published by a firm whose name is on the following list:

Allen and Unwin	Harrap	Murray
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Foulis	Macmillan	Stanley Paul
Grant Richards	Melrose	The Bodley Head
Gyldendal	Methuen	Ward, Lock
	Mills & Boon	Werner Laurie

2. The coupon for the week must be enclosed.

3. Envelopes must be marked "Competition," and addressed to the Acrostic Editor, SATURDAY REVIEW, 9 King Street, London, W.C.2.

Competitors not complying with these Rules will be disqualified.

Awards of Prizes.—When solutions are of equal merit, the result will be decided by lot.

Under penalty of disqualification, competitors must intimate their choice of book when sending solutions, which must reach us not later than the Friday following publication.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC No. 118.

FIND ME NOW A FRAGRANT CLIMBER, AND A MODEST FLOW'RET SMALL.

- Here belike the Squire now dwelleth; here bold knights were wont to brawl.
- Mighty is this western river, fair its banks beyond all words.
- Beasts, fish, reptiles this art practise, nor is it unknown to birds.
- Wisely planned by Mother Nature to protect our orbs from harm.
- Creature of satiric fancy, not possessing any charm.
- Prince of darkness some folk call him, some Old Harry, some the deuce.
- Luckless was this word's conception, never has it come in use.
- Watch him, armed with eager pencil, solving each Acrostic new.
- Siva's consort, Indian Juno, she the demon's chieftain slew.
- Nay, dear madam, never be it, though some lights you find too hard;
- Seize your fountain pen and mildly thus remonstrate with our bard.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC No. 116.

A FAMOUS CITY AND AN EASTERN STATE,
WHICH, LET US HOPE, FAR HAPPIER DAYS AWAIT.

- Robes it may hold, and other household stuff.
- But for the tang, 'twould suit us well enough.
- Allegiance to refuse, his conscience bade.
- In schoolboy phrase, "a dirty little cad."
- To it we're born, as fire-sparks upward go.
- Here honey-bees their rifled sweets bestow.
- One-third of nothing you must take away.
- Not out of work when acting in a play.
- Should Sol shine bright, why, then my state's precarious.
- A cordial drink of composition various.
- The river-fish his teeth with reason dread.
- In Erin often takes the place of bread.
- To childhood dear,—then sugary things delight.
- A hapless man, a hapless, ill-starred wight.

Solution of Acrostic No. 116.

C	hes	T	
O	urang-o	Utang ¹	
N	onjuro	R	
S	nea	K	
T	roubl	E ²	
A	piar	Y	
N		Il	
T	ragedia	N	
I	cicl	E	
N	oya	U	
O	tte	R	
P	otat	O	
L	ollipo	P	
E	xil	E	

- ¹ Tang.—A strong taste or flavour of something foreign to the thing itself.
² Man is borne vnto trouble, as the sparks flie vpward. Job v. 7 (A.V.)

ACROSTIC No. 116.—The winner is Mrs. Playfair, 2 Hope Street, St. Andrews, Scotland, who has selected as her prize 'Social Life in Stuart England,' by Mary Coate, published by Methuen and reviewed in our columns on May 24 under the title 'Stuart England.' Thirty-seven other competitors chose this book, thirty named 'Elizabethans,' twenty-five 'The Call of the Veld,' thirteen 'The Fabulous Forties,' etc., etc.

Correct solutions were also received from ninety-eight other competitors, whose names must be held over, with other results, till next week.

ACROSTIC No. 115.—Correct: Kirkton. One Light Wrong: M. Story, Hon. R. G. Talbot, Farsdon, B. Brewster, Trike, Sisyphus, N. O. Sellam, Shorne Hill, A. M. W. Maxwell, Lady Duke, and the Rev. J. A. Easten.

TWO LIGHTS WRONG: Madge, Jop, Carrie, Nora H. Boothroyd, Gay, F. M. Petty, Merton, Twyford, E. A. N., Doric, Mrs. J. Butler, Old Mancunian, Miss Kelly, R. J. M. W., Baitho, Rev. A. R. A. Watson, Carlton, Joker, Quis, John Lennie, Sir J. D. Tichbourne, R. Ransom, and T. M. Fagan. All others more.

"An easy acrostic for the first of the new quarter" I thought I had given you, but unfortunately Lights 2, 6, 7, and 10 puzzled a great many solvers. For Light 2 Hippolyte, Hachette, Harpe, Harpalyce, Hecate, Here, Haidee, and Heroine were given. For Light 6 Assassination, Alliteration, Association, Admiration, Appreciation, Ambition, Action, Affectation, Ambulation, Arbitration, Affection, Abjuration, Amputation, Absolution, Administration, Abnegation, Admonition, Ablution, Annihilation, Adoption, Alkoran, and Argumentation. For Light 7 Martyrize, Misbelieve, Mis-state, Misjudge, Massacre, Make-believe, Manoeuvre, Misconstrue, Machinate, Mistranslate, Menace, and Moralize. For Light 10 Antennaria, Armada, Armilla, Araucaria, Aorta, Axilla, Appoggiatura, Analemma, Ala, Arma, Adularia, Amma, Agrippa, and Aurora.

ACROSTIC No. 114.—Correct: John Lennie. One Light wrong: R. Ransom, Miss T. M. Fagan, Col. N. Barron. Two Lights wrong: Diamond.

MARTHA.—Your solution of No. 113 does not seem to have reached us.

SISYPHUS.—Does not Modicum mean "a small quantity," Minimum "the smallest possible quantity"? It would make no difference in the result, however.

A. E. K. W.—If Light 6 of No. 113 was *obscure*, it might be called *nebulous*, but I cannot see the sense of calling it *nameless*.
J. D. T.—Thanks for kind letter.



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Stock Market Letter

The Stock Exchange, Thursday

THE Kaffir Circus is the best market in the House, and, although the result of next week's Transvaal elections hangs in a very delicate balance, the bulls of South Africans are making the best of possible worlds by arguing that it matters little which way the election will turn: that prices may be expected to go higher whatever happens at the polls. Before the election was mooted at all, the general run of first-class Kaffir shares stood at prices ranging from two to ten shillings higher than they are to-day, although in a few cases, e.g., Central Mining and Government Areas, there have been rises during the past six months. In such shares as Modders, however, at 4, Rand Mines $3\frac{1}{32}$, Springs $2\frac{9}{16}$, Brakpans $3\frac{3}{8}$ and a few of what may be called the other leaders of this market, there have been falls during the interval. These are the shares which are worth acquiring to-day.

KAFFIRS FOR THE RISE

For the price of gold stands high. The June-July dividends are certain to be good. The native labour problem is receiving sympathetic consideration from both the political parties in South Africa, and, looking at it more widely, there are few other markets round the house where any particular attraction now exists for the energies of the restless speculator who must, at all costs, be in-and-out of whatever department happens to look tempting. People who deal in gold-mining shares must do so with their eyes wide open to the fact that they are engaged in a speculation. Allowing for this, it is likely that money is to be made through the purchase of Kaffirs at the present time, assuming, of course, that the purchaser will not expect to snatch an immediate profit. The market is not by any means sufficiently lively to encourage this particular optimism, but public interest is widening-out, and there is scope for bullish talent.

STOCK EXCHANGE RESPONSIBILITY

The responsibility which the Stock Exchange bears to the public demands a ceaselessly vigilant outlook for any avenue along which the House can plant a signal of public danger, warning the uninformed against the snares and pitfalls into which the public are so liable to be led by the alluring promises and the gaudy flowers of bucket-shop literature. It is almost ludicrous to see the House wasting £700 in advertisements, as it did last year, out of a total expense item of £145,000. Public safety and precaution have the right to expect from the House such bold and simple statements that any man or woman, reading them, will understand; a dignified presentment of the shelter which the client receives in dealing with members; a quiet persistence upon the Stock Exchange case. But, during the 124 years throughout which the House has stood on its present site, to what extent have the governing bodies ever visualized either their responsibility or their power? The close student of Stock Exchange history, as it has been made for a century past, will know the answer to that question.

TAX-FREE INVESTMENTS

This week has seen a decline in the stocks and shares of the Eastern cable group, the four principal members of which are the Eastern Telegraph Company, Eastern Extension, Globe Telegraph and Trust and Western Telegraph. The prices have come down fairly heavily, and the stocks and shares of this group can now be bought on a basis of yield that pays an average of 6 per cent. on the money free of tax, which is equal to $7\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. gross, allowing for tax at 4s. 6d. in the

£. These four companies have each paid annual dividends of 10 per cent. for some years past, and they all occupy a strong financial position. It is only the fear of wireless development that has brought about the weakness in cable-stocks, and when this apprehension passes, as it will do in time, the prices of the companies' securities will be restored to their previous higher levels.

COURTAULDS AND TOBACCO SHARES

United River Plate Telephones are also shares upon which the dividend is paid free of tax, and the 8 per cent. recently declared was followed by an excellent report encouraging the idea that at $7\frac{1}{2}$ the shares, which pay £5 12s. per cent. free of tax on the money, equal to $7\frac{1}{4}$ per cent. gross, are worth having. The yield is almost the same as that obtainable from Imperial Tobacco shares at $71\frac{1}{9}$, the dividend on which is 20 per cent., payable in February and August. Courtaulds give $5\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. free of tax at $57\frac{1}{6}$, with March and September dividends, and this, equal to $6\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. gross, looks modest in view of the competition that is known to exist in the trade. Five per cent. clear and free of tax can be obtained from a purchase of Bryant & May and of Babcock & Wilcox shares, at $48\frac{1}{3}$. Both companies paid 12 per cent. last year, a rate that is not likely to be lowered. British American Tobacco, which have been extensively bought by people who were selling Imperials in order to exchange into the former concern, give a yield of £4 16s. per cent., on the money, tax free, which is equal to $6\frac{1}{4}$ per cent. gross. In their case, the dividends are paid quarterly, and the ostensible reason for exchanging Imperials into British Americans is that the B.A.T. is thought likely to distribute a bonus in the fairly near future.

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'YADIL' and CANCER

REPORTS have reached me these last few days of some cases of cancer stated to have been cured by 'Yadil.' I am investigating these cases as best I can, for it is hard to get at the real facts. Distance, unwillingness of people to see any one on a subject which is admittedly delicate, reluctance of doctors to give any information, make my task most difficult. But I believe that these were non-malignant tumours, wrongly diagnosed as cancer.

THE origin of cancer is still a mystery. It has been said that many cases are only non-malignant tumours, and that operation pre-disposes the patients to cancer. Constipation, the curse of civilization, is also blamed for the trouble. Others accuse food-preservatives as a possible cause, although some of these preservatives, like boric acid and the benzoates, are safe as used generally, and—who knows?—they might even oppose the processes which lead to cancer. Certain writers, and I am one of them, believe that cooked and stimulating food may account for it.

ON one point all agree: The determining factor is unknown, and the explanations so far advanced are but speculations. No one really knows the cause of cancer. Otherwise there would be no excuse for the Cancer Research Fund.

BUT if the truth should be in any of the explanations advanced, then The Yadil Treatment suggested in THE YADIL BOOK should be given in every case of cancer without exception, for the following reasons: It would disperse non-malignant tumours in a very short time, and render operations unnecessary in such cases. It would completely disinfect the intestines, and help to restore their normal action. This might possibly arrest malignant growths and give the system a chance to reabsorb these growths. The complete change of food would give a rest to the stomach and intestines, and that in itself is an advantage in all conditions of bad health.

THE Yadil Treatment as described in THE YADIL BOOK consists of a dose of 'Yadil' three or four times a day, in some orange or lemon juice, and a diet consisting of nothing but water and fruit juices for a few days, then fresh fruits, nuts, and salads of lettuce and tomatoes, dressed with olive oil and lemon juice, and nothing else. Thorough mastication is essential. Nothing to drink during meals, and only water, flavoured, if desired, with orange and lemon juice, between meals. To this treatment I should have

added irrigation of the large and small intestines with warm water containing at first a good proportion, say ten per cent. or even more, of 'Yadil,' then less 'Yadil.' This would remove any accumulation of morbid matter, which cannot but be injurious to the general health. Intravenous injection of 'Yadil' in normal saline would also very likely prove of great benefit, and I hope that medical men will try it and let me know the results. Wherever the swelling is accessible, hot fomentations of 'Yadil' should be tried, to reduce the area of inflammation. In cases of cancer with an offensive odour, frequent sprays or applications of 'Yadil' in hot water will remove the odour immediately.

I CAN but suggest a treatment. It is for medical men to apply it, and modify it, if need be, according to experience. Even if the Cancer Research Fund, after years of laboratory research were to evolve a treatment, what else could be done than try it upon cancer patients, and modify it, if necessary, in the light of experience? Why then should not the same be done with The Yadil Treatment for Cancer?

IN view of the results obtained with 'Yadil' in such a wide range of diseases during the last seven years, and made known to me by some of the most eminent medical men, I had every right to suggest a Yadil Treatment for Cancer which is simple, inexpensive, safe, and based upon common-sense. It is certain to give splendid results in all those cases of suspected cancer which in truth are only non-malignant tumours. In all other cases, it would put the tissues in the most favourable condition for successful operation, when surgical intervention is considered necessary and possible. It will reduce pain in practically every case.

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